



DARING *the* SUPERNATURAL



No 5,
OCT.-NOV.

OUT OF *the* NIGHT

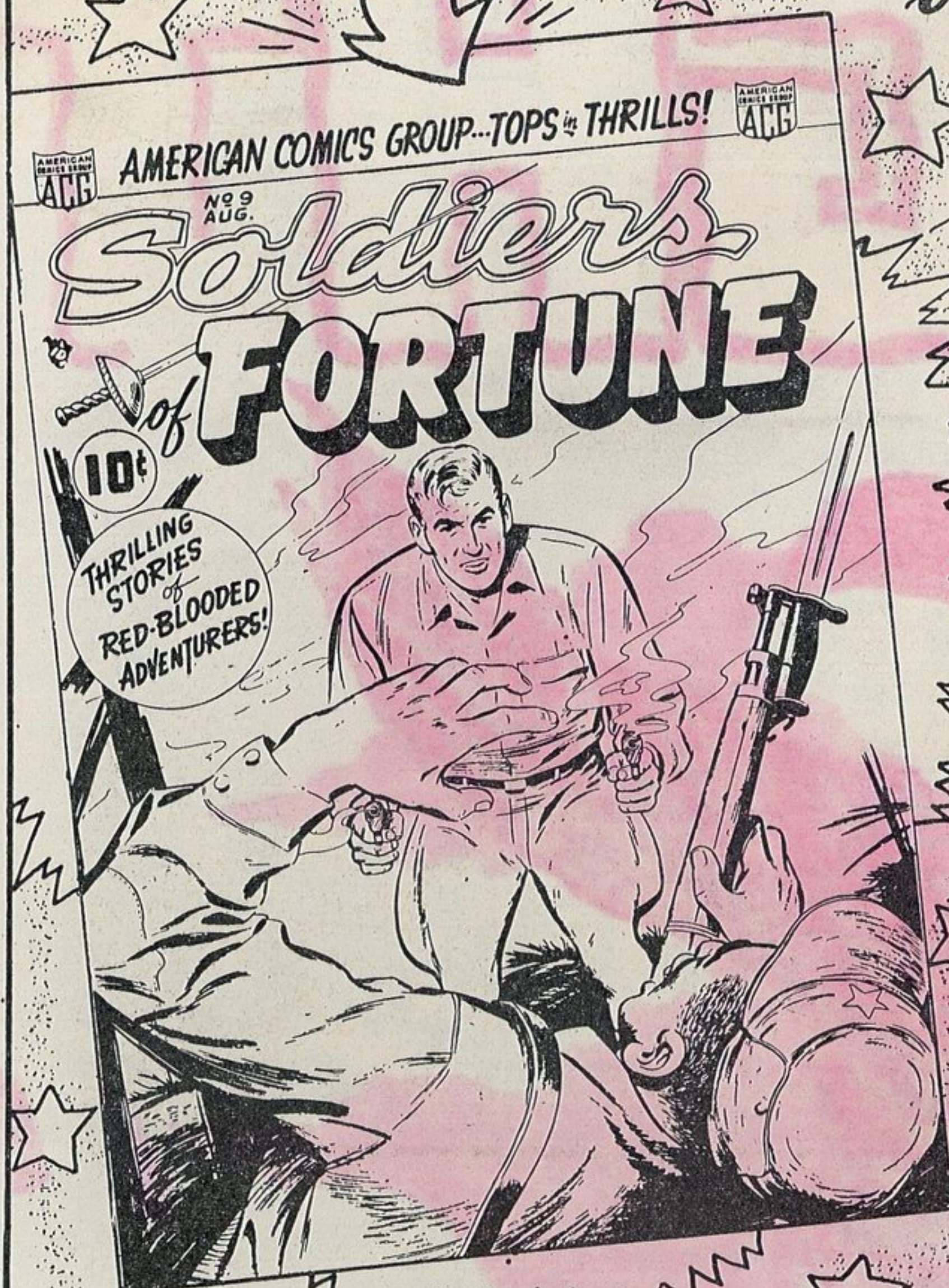
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PIRATES, RECKLESS
ADVENTURERS, DARE-
DEVIL SOLDIERS OF
FORTUNE! ALL IN THIS
STARTLING NEW
MAGAZINE YOU **CAN'T**
AFFORD TO MISS...

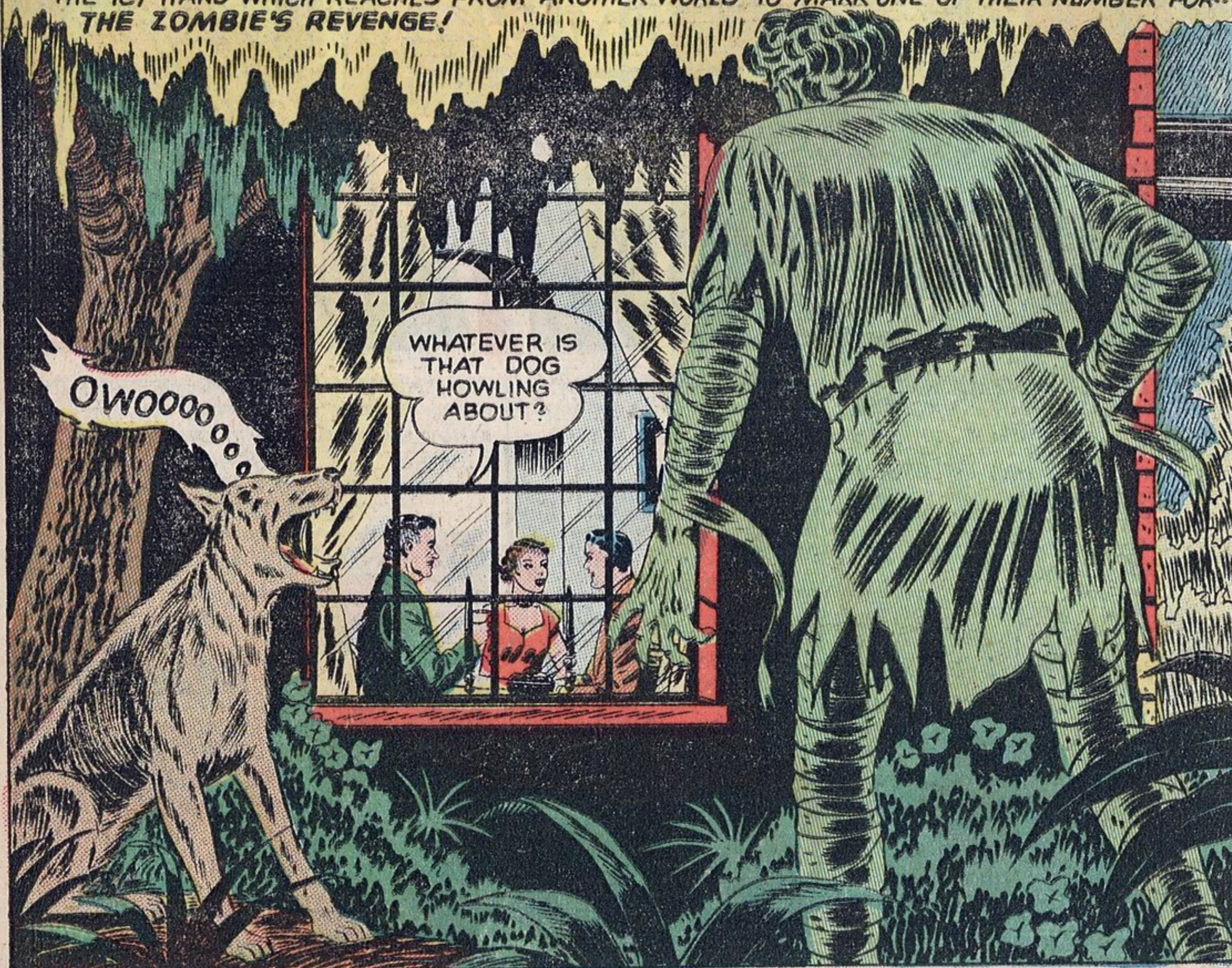
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Soldiers
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ON ALL
STANDS!

The ZOMBIE'S REVENGE

THROUGH THE GHOSTLY STILLNESS, A GRUESOME SHAPE CREEPS NEAR! AND IN THE HOUSE, THE SMILING DINERS SIT, BLIND TO THE GHASTLY SPECTRE THAT STALKS THEM IN THE NIGHT, THE ICY HAND WHICH REACHES FROM ANOTHER WORLD TO MARK ONE OF THEIR NUMBER FOR... THE ZOMBIE'S REVENGE!



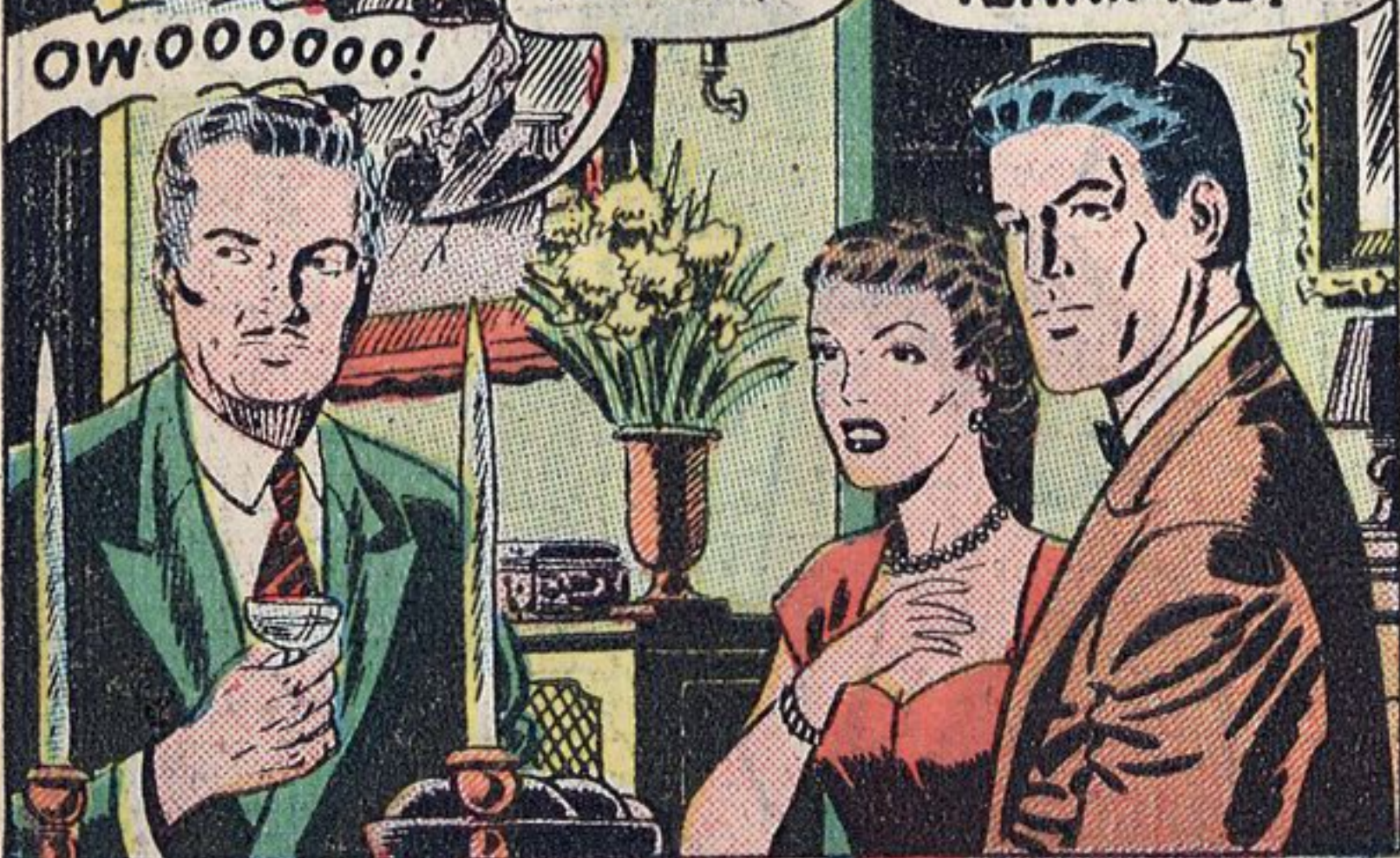
WHATEVER IS THAT DOG HOWLING ABOUT?

OWOOOOO...

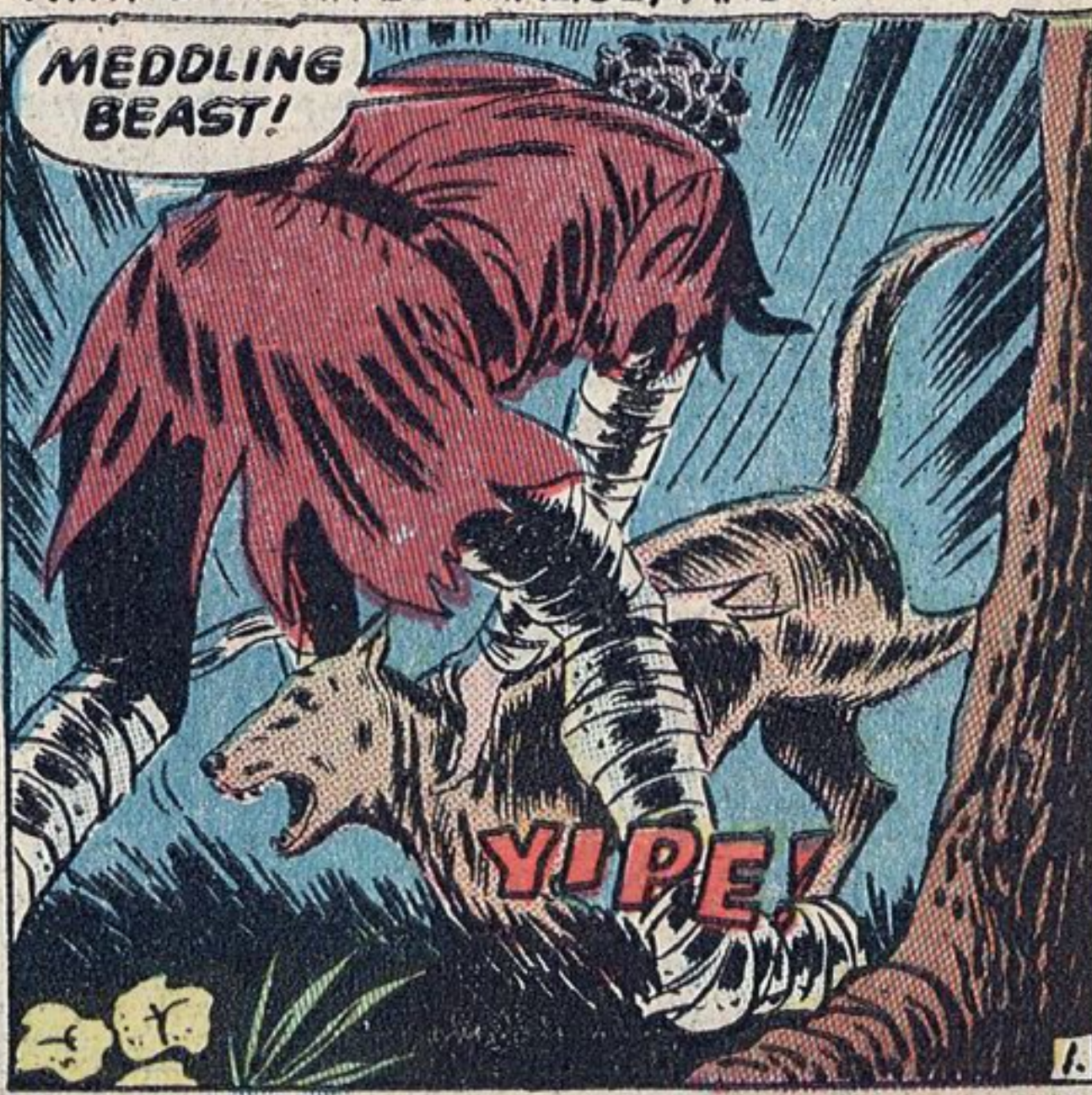
SINCE YOU'RE TO BE ONE OF THE FAMILY, TOM, YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT OUR FAMILY SKELETON! I HAVE A TWIN BROTHER, ARMAND, A BLACK SHEEP OF THE VILEST SORT! TODAY I RECEIVED WORD THAT HE'S BEEN HUNG FOR MURDER IN HAITI!

IT'S MARIE I'M MARRYING, MR. DUPREZ -- NOT YOUR FAMILY SKELETON! -- HOLY SMOKE, THAT DOG SOUNDS TERRIFIED!

AS THE COWERING DOG HOWLS A TERRIFIED WARNING, THE GHASTLY FIGURE TURNS ON IT WITH UNHURRIED MALICE, AND...



OWOOOOOO!



MEDDLING BEAST!

YIPE!

THEN, AT THE SOUND OF HUMAN FOOTSTEPS, THE GRISLY VISITOR TAKES REFUGE IN THE MURKY SHADOWS!

MON DIEU! IT... IT CANNOT BE!



IT'S INCREDIBLE... REX HAS FOUGHT MOUNTAIN LIONS! YET SOMETHING HAS SNAPPED HIS NECK LIKE A TWIG!

DID YOU SEE ANYTHING, LUCIEN?

NOTHING, MONSIEUR! WHAT THESE OLD EYES THOUGHT THEY SAW, NONE WOULD BELIEVE!



BUT LUCIEN'S SILENCE REAPED A GRIM REWARD! THAT NIGHT, IN THE OLD GARDENER'S HUT...

MY MIND IS MADE UP... EVEN THOUGH THEY THINK ME CRAZY, I MUST TELL THEM WHAT I SAW!

TOO LATE, OLD LUCIEN!



I WAS RIGHT! I... ARGHH!

FOOL! YOU-- REMEMBER -- TOO MUCH!



AN INHUMAN LAUGH MOCKS THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT! THE GHASTLY FORM VANISHES INTO THE SHADOWS... LEAVING THE AIR BEHIND HIM HEAVY WITH THE TAINTED ODOR OF DEATH AND EVIL!

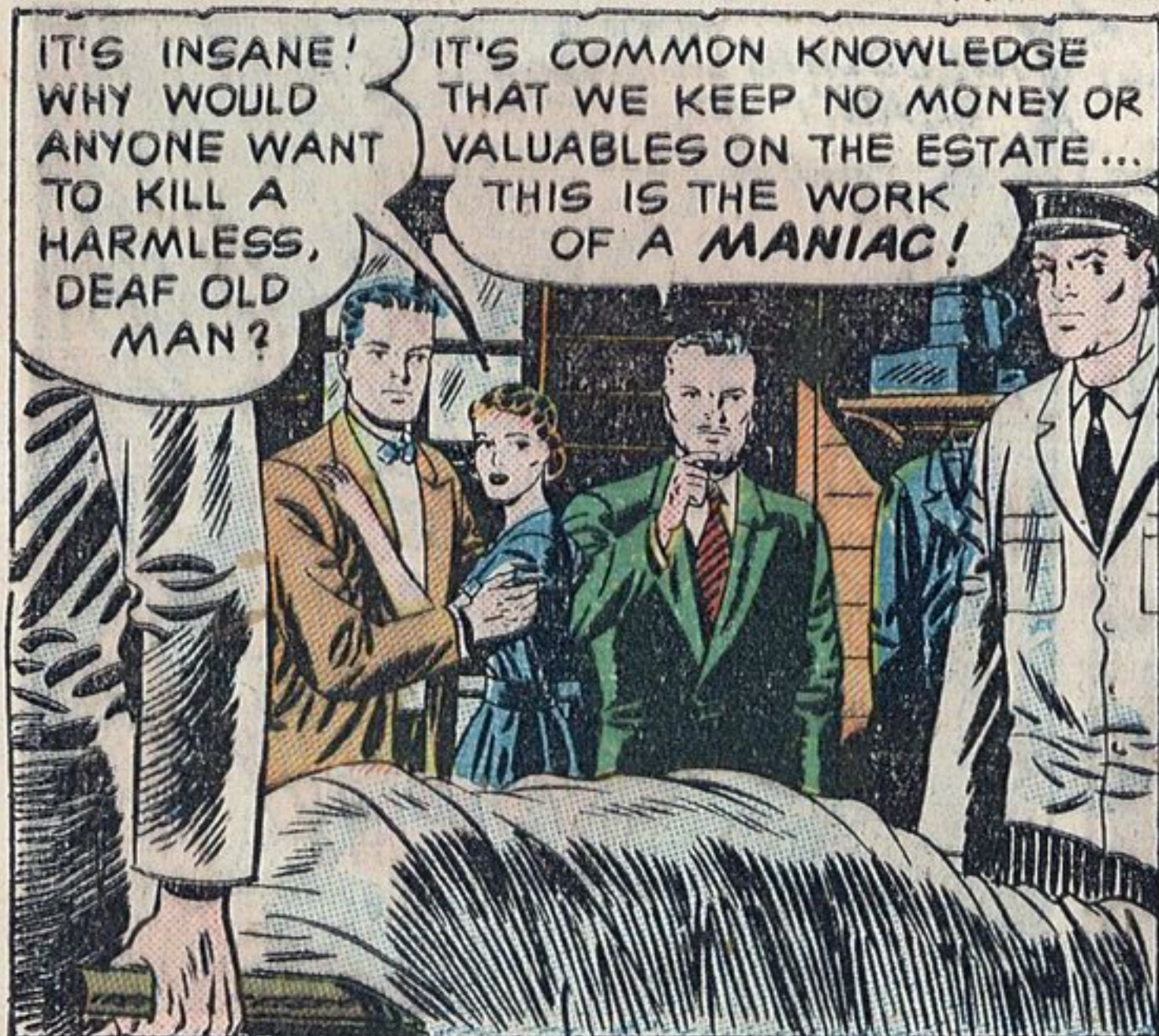
HA-HA-HA-HA!



DAYLIGHT LAID BARE THE FIENDISH CRIME-- AND SLOWLY THE CLAMMY FINGERS OF RISING TERROR GRIPPED THE DUPREZ FAMILY!

IT'S INSANE! WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL A HARMLESS, DEAF OLD MAN?

IT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE THAT WE KEEP NO MONEY OR VALUABLES ON THE ESTATE... THIS IS THE WORK OF A MANIAC!



AND NOT A CLUE! ONLY THAT HORRIBLE, MUSTY ODOR, AND A SHRED OF NON-DESCRIPT CLOTH!

I DON'T AGREE WITH YOU... THIS TOMB-LIKE ODOR ITSELF IS SIGNIFICANT! I SMELLED IT ONCE IN A MAMBA TEMPLE IN JAMAICA! AND THIS SHROUD-LIKE CLOTH IS MADE OF CANELA BARK... SEE HOW IT CRUMBLES IN MY FINGERS?



ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY YOU HAVE AN IDEA OF WHAT MAN MIGHT HAVE COMMITTED THESE GHASTLY CRIMES?

WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS THAT THIS IS NOT THE WORK OF A **MAN**, AT ALL! PREPARE FOR A SHOCK... UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THIS IS THE WORK OF A SUPERNATURAL BEING... **A ZOMBIE!**



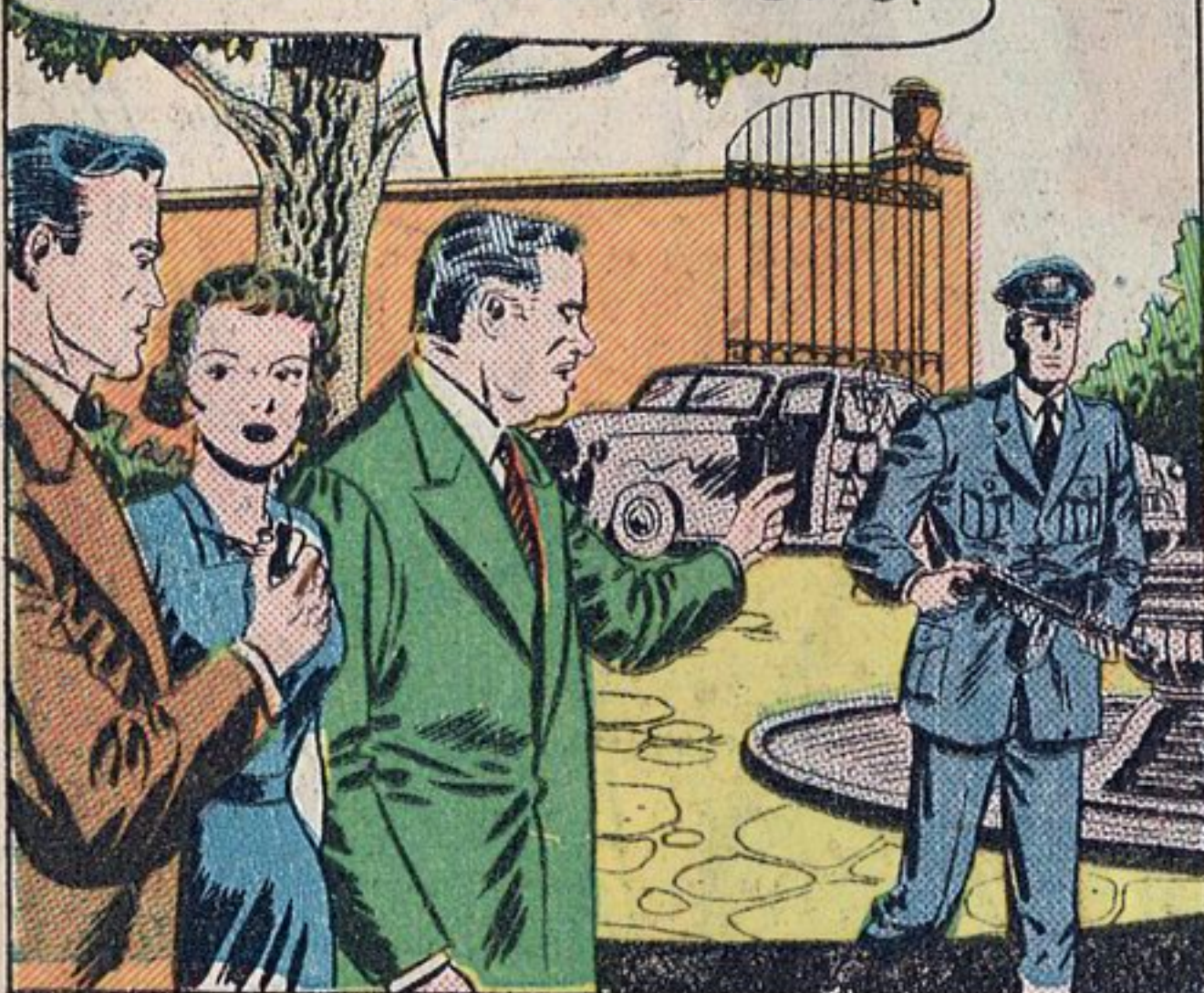
BUT THAT'S **ABSURD**, TOM! WHAT WOULD A **ZOMBIE** WANT WITH **US?**

THAT'S WHAT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!

NONSENSE, TOM! YOU'VE LET THOSE BOOKS ON VOODOO YOU'VE BEEN READING WARP YOUR JUDGMENT!



I'M A CHEMICAL MANUFACTURER... I DEAL WITH **SCIENCE**, NOT **SUPERSTITION**! WHOEVER IS IN BACK OF THIS WILL CHANGE HIS MIND WHEN HE FINDS I'VE GOT THE ESTATE SWARMING WITH GUARDS ARMED WITH MACHINE GUNS!



WELL, I'VE GOT TO BE GETTING DOWN TO THE PLANT! WE'RE EXPERIMENTING WITH A NEW ACID! I'M GOING TO LET THE POLICE HANDLE THIS MATTER, TOM, AND I'D ADVISE YOU TO DO THE SAME!

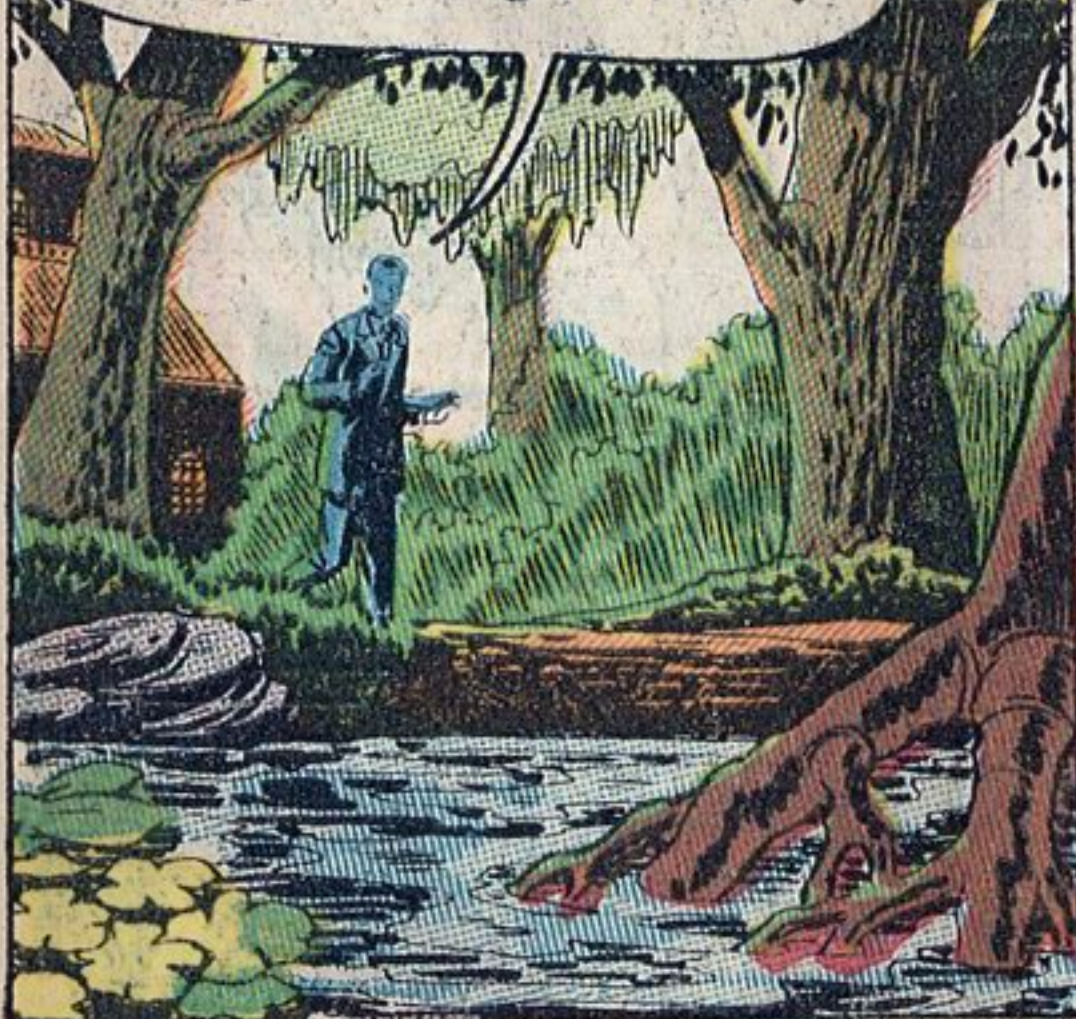
MARIE, AT LEAST **YOU'LL** LISTEN TO ME! I TELL YOU, YOU AND YOUR FATHER MAY FACE A DANGER THAT NO POLICE FORCE CAN PROTECT YOU FROM!

I'M AFRAID I AGREE WITH FATHER, TOM! YOU'RE LETTING YOUR IMAGINATION RUN AWAY WITH YOU!



ONE DAY, THEN TWO, CREEP BY... WHILE THE LURKING EVIL AWAITS, WITH GRIM PATIENCE, THE MOMENT TO **STRIKE AGAIN!**

WHOEVER IT WAS... MY GUARDS HAVE FRIGHTENED HIM OFF! WHY... THERE'S THAT RANK, FETID **ODOR** AGAIN! IT MUST COME FROM THE **SWAMP!**



SOUNDLESS AS THE TREAD OF DOOM, THE GRISLY FORM ADVANCES!



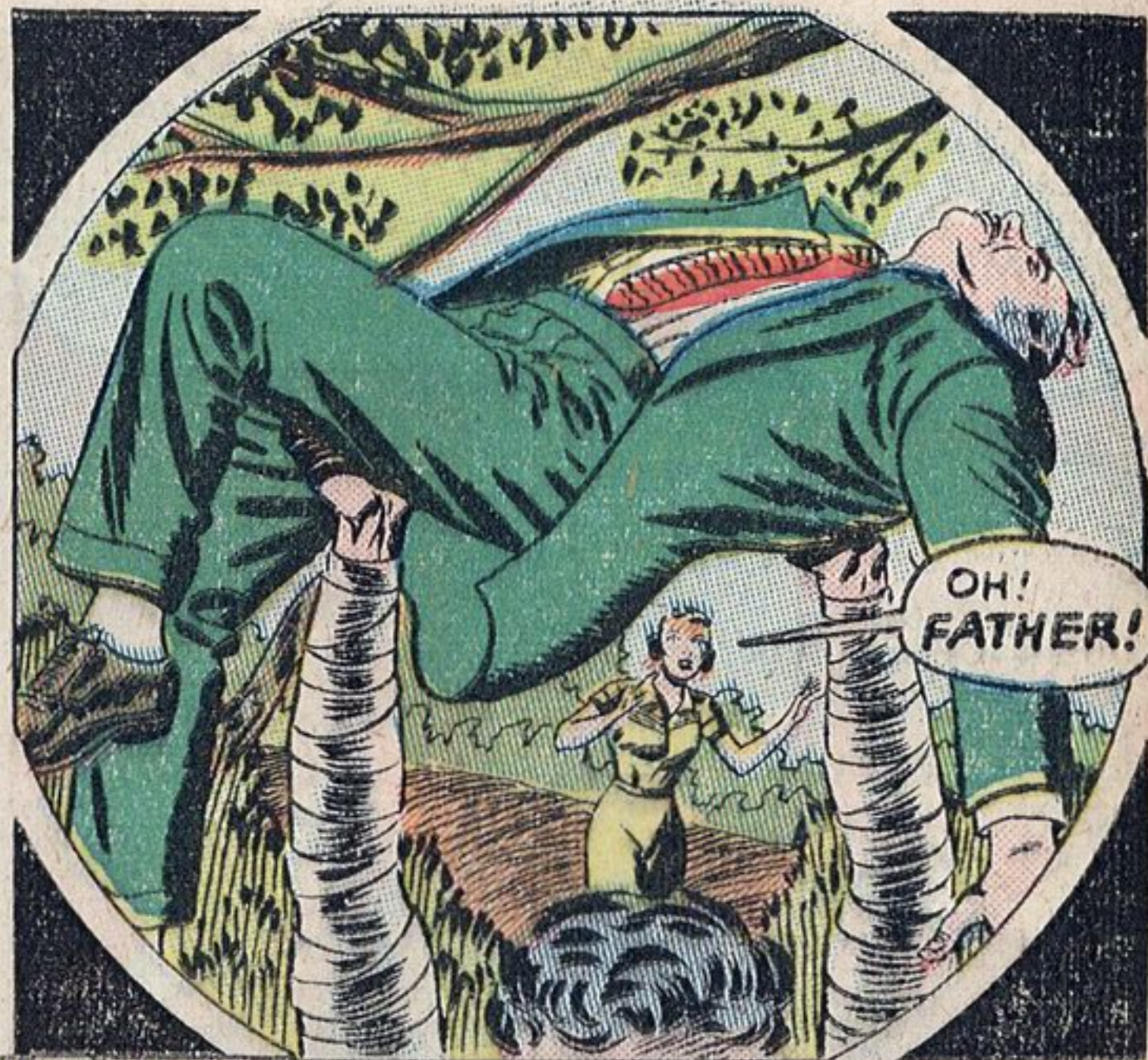
THEN, WITH SUPERHUMAN FORCE...

OH-HH! **POW!**





THIS POOL-- OF
QUICKSAND-- WILL
SWALLOW HIM--
WITHOUT A
TRACE!



OH!
FATHER!

FOR AN INSTANT, MARIE'S HORRIFIED EYES
ARE FROZEN ON THE CREATURE'S AWFUL FACE!



CONFOUND-- THE GIRL!
MY PLANS-- WILL
HAVE-- TO WAIT!

GOOD HEAVENS...
TOM WAS RIGHT
IT'S... IT'S A
ZOMBIE!

THEN, AS THE
GRUESOME
FIGURE
LUNGES
TOWARD
HER...

HELP!
HELP!



AS MARIE'S TERRIFIED SCREAMS
ATTRACT ATTENTION, HER GRIM
PURSUER VANISHES!

YOU WERE
RIGHT, TOM...
I SAW HIM...
A ZOMBIE!
HE TRIED
TO KILL
FATHER!

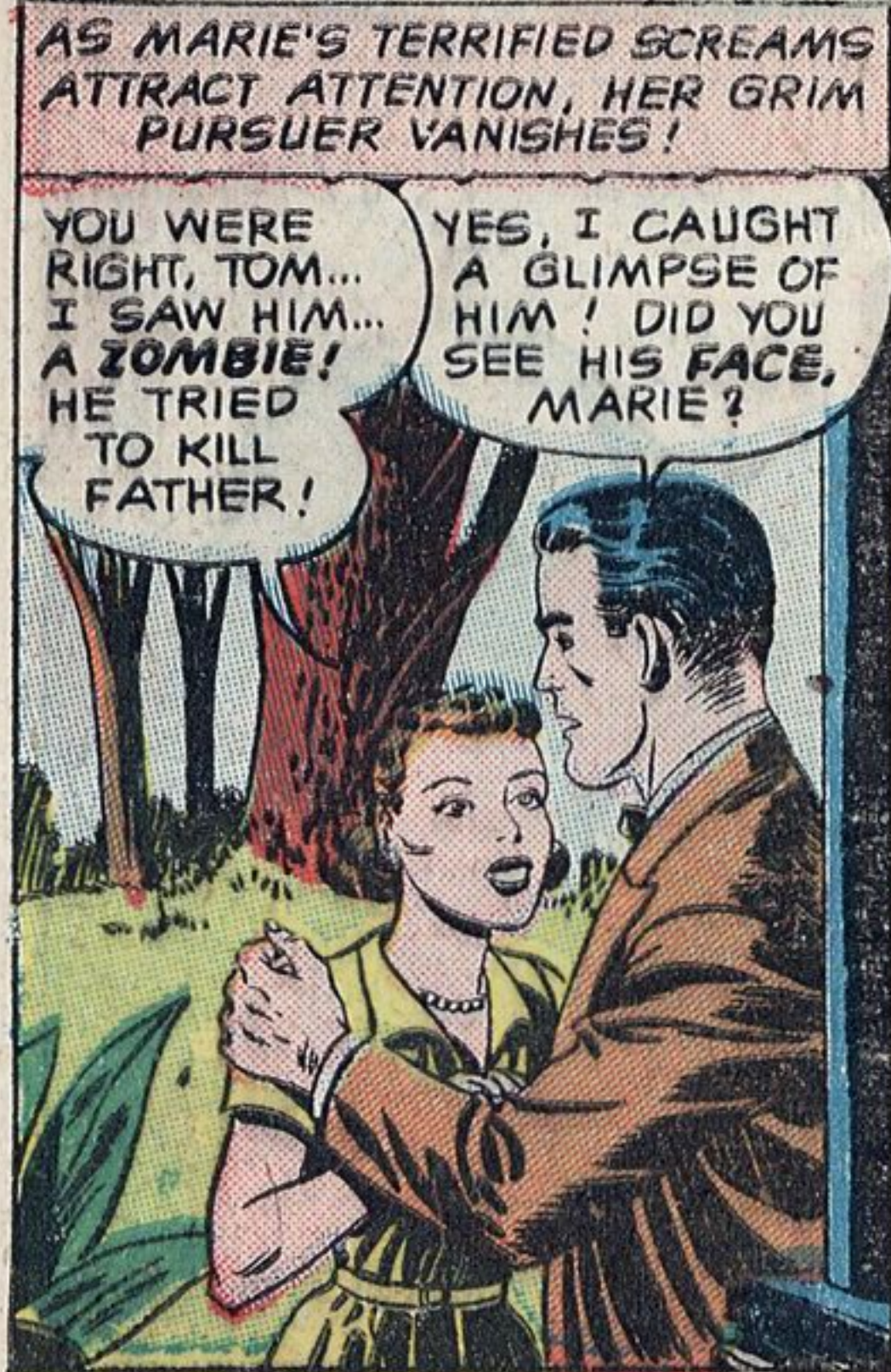
YES, I CAUGHT
A GLIMPSE OF
HIM! DID YOU
SEE HIS FACE,
MARIE?

IT'S IN-
CREDIBLE,
TOM...
BUT HE
...HE
LOOKED
LIKE
FATHER!

NOT INCREDIBLE
AT ALL, MARIE--
I THINK THAT'S
THE CLUE WE
NEED! BUT
FIRST LET'S GET
TO YOUR FATHER!

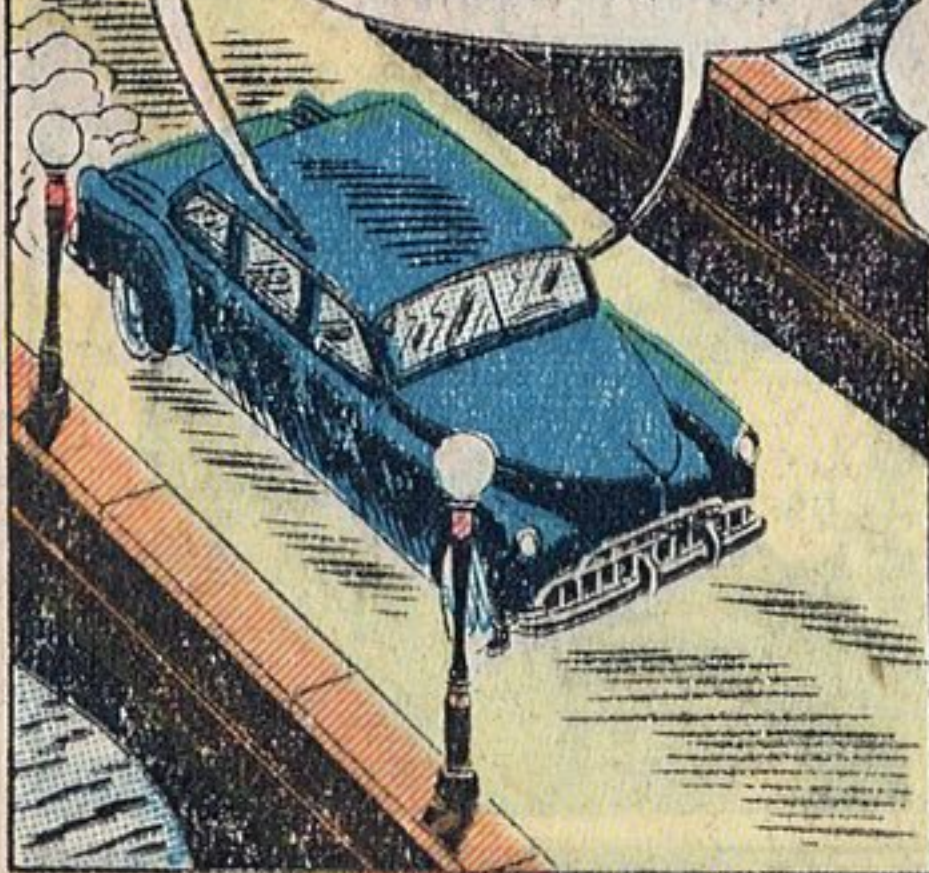
BUT
I TELL
YOU I
SAW
HIM,
FATHER!

DON'T BE HYSTERICAL,
MARIE-- NOTHING COULD
HAVE GOT PAST MY
GUARDS! I MUST
HAVE BUMPED MY
HEAD ON A LOW
BRANCH!



WHAT WILL WE DO, TOM... HE'S TOO STUBBORN TO LISTEN!

UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHAT THE ZOMBIE'S **PURPOSE** IS, WE'RE HELPLESS TO COMBAT HIM! I HOPE THERE'LL BE AN ANSWER IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE OCCULT AT THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY! WE MAY NOT HAVE MUCH TIME!



TOGETHER, THEY LEAF FRANTICALLY THROUGH THE DUSTY TOMES!

BUT THE ZOMBIE'S ACTIONS DON'T MAKE SENSE... FIRST REX... THEN OLD LUCIEN...

EXACTLY, MARIE! BESIDES YOUR FATHER, THOSE WERE THE ONLY TWO LIVING BEINGS WHO MIGHT HAVE REMEMBERED HIM! I'M CONVINCED THAT THE ZOMBIE IS ARMAND DUPREZ-- **YOUR FATHER'S IDENTICAL TWIN!**



FANTASTIC! IT'S TRUE ARMAND WAS INVOLVED IN VODOO WORSHIP IN HAITI BEFORE HE WAS KILLED... BUT WHY SHOULD HE COME BACK TO PLAGUE US!

THE ANSWER IS HERE IN THIS BOOK, MARIE! IT SAYS THAT A ZOMBIE WHO HAS AN **IDENTICAL TWIN** CAN RETURN TO LIFE BY **DESTROYING HIS BROTHER AND TAKING HIS PLACE!**



BUT WHY DID YOU PHONE FATHER TO MEET US AT THE PLANT?

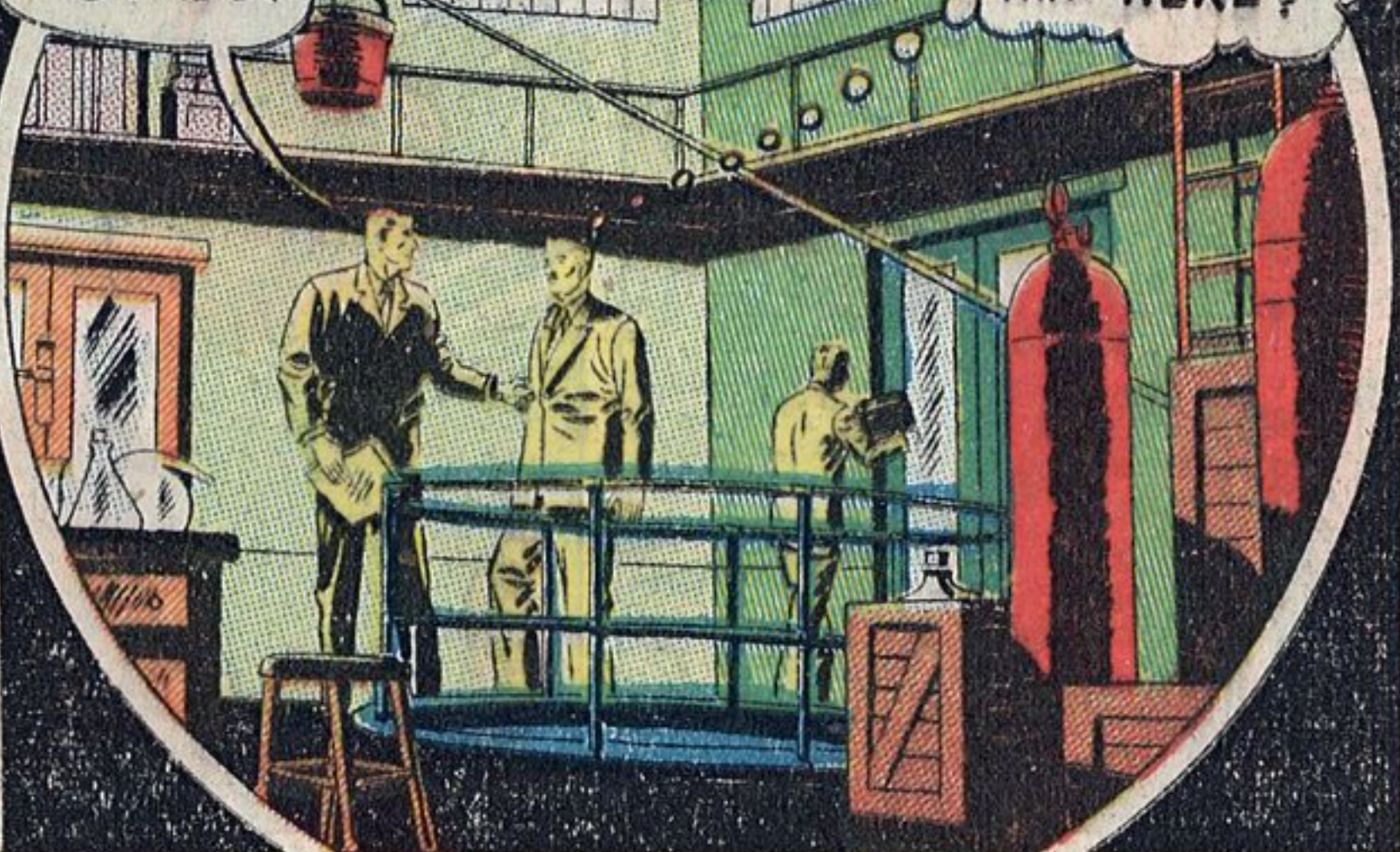
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW! IT'S A SLIM CHANCE, BUT WE'VE GOT TO TRY IT!



MEANWHILE, AT THE DUPREZ CHEMICAL PLANT...

GLAD YOU DECIDED TO COME DOWN FOR THE TESTS, MR. DUPREZ! WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT HOW WELL THIS KELOXIC ACID WILL ETCH GLASS!

I WONDER WHY TOM INSISTED THAT I MEET HIM HERE?



SUDDENLY A DREAD WARNING SOUNDS THROUGH THE PLANT...

GOOD GRIEF... **THE ALARM BELL!** SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE PLACE BLOWS UP!

COME ON, MR. DUPREZ, RUN FOR IT!

GO AHEAD, JOE... IT'S MY DUTY TO STAY UNTIL EVERYONE IS OUT SAFELY!

CLANG! CLANG!



BUT AS THE WORKERS FLEE THE EXPECTED EXPLOSION, CHARLES DUPREZ UNSUSPECTINGLY PLAYS INTO THE HANDS OF A DANGER INFINITELY

EVERYONE'S OUT NOW... I GUESS I CAN LEAVE!

SETTING OFF-- THE ALARM-- GOT RID-- OF THE FOOLS... THERE WON'T BE ANY WITNESSES-- **THIS TIME!**

MORE HORRIBLE!





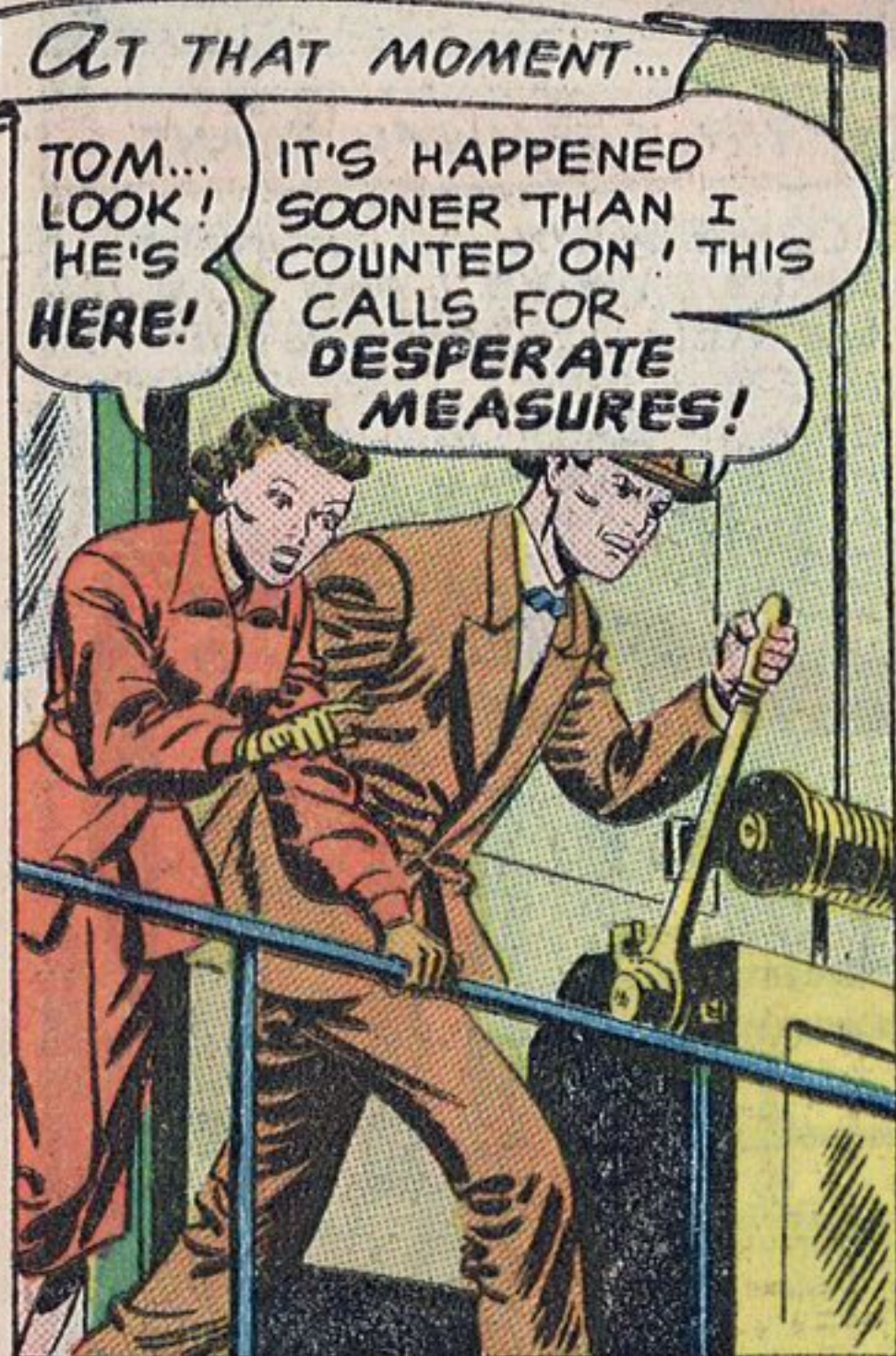
GREAT SCOTT--
ARMAND! YOU...
A ZOMBIE!

YES-- MY STUPID
BROTHER... A
ZOMBIE!
BUT NOT-- FOR
LONG!



BY THE DICTATES OF MALA-- AND THE LAW-- OF THE
WALKING-DEAD-- I, YOUR **TWIN**-- SHALL CLAIM--
YOUR **LIFE**! FIRST, I'LL TAKE-- YOUR CLOTHES--
AND THEN THE ACID-- YOU SO THOUGHTFULLY PRO-
VIDED-- WILL DESTROY YOUR BODY-- WITHOUT A
TRACE! NO ONE
WILL SUSPECT--
THAT A **NEW**
CHARLES
DUPREZ-- HAS
INHERITED
YOUR LIFE--
AND
FORTUNE!

NO--NO!



AT THAT MOMENT...

TOM...
LOOK!
HE'S
HERE!

IT'S HAPPENED
SOONER THAN I
COUNTED ON! THIS
CALLS FOR
DESPERATE
MEASURES!

LIKE THE HAND OF FATE, THE MAS-
SIVE CABLE BUCKET HURTTLES
DOWN ON THE GRINNING MON-
STER WITH UNERRING AIM!



YAGH!

BENEATH
THE SUR-
FACE, THE
ACID
SEETHES
AND
BOILS
AS THE
FORCES
OF NATURE
GRAPPLE
IN DEADLY
CONFLICT
WITH THE
PRODUCT OF
ANOTHER
WORLD!

I'M AFRAID WE'VE
WON ONLY A TEM-
PORARY RESPITE!
NOT EVEN ACID
CAN DESTROY A
ZOMBIE!

THIS ACID CAN!
YOUR FATHER ONCE
TOLD ME THAT IT'S A
NEW TYPE! A BASIC
INGREDIENT IS SALT
EXTRACTED FROM
CARIBBEAN KELP... WHICH
VOODOO WORSHIPPERS
HAVE USED FOR YEARS
AS A PROTECTION
AGAINST ZOMBIES!
THAT'S WHY I
GAMBLLED EVERY-
THING ON LURING
THE ZOMBIE
DOWN HERE!

THE GRISLY
DRAMA
REACHES
ITS
CLIMAX...
AND SLOWLY
THE
WRITHING
SHAPE
DISSOLVES!
AND, AS THE
BUBBLING
SURFACE
OF THE
LIQUID
CALMS,
ITS
CLEAR,
TRAN-
SLUCENT
DEPTHS
ARE
EMPTY!

HE'S GONE, THANK
HEAVENS! TOM,
TO THINK WE
DIDN'T BELIEVE
YOUR WARNINGS!
NEXT TIME, I'LL
TAKE YOUR
WORD ON
THESE
THINGS!

LET'S HOPE
THERE'LL NEVER
BE A "NEXT
TIME"! **ONE**
ZOMBIE IN THE
FAMILY IS
ENOUGH!



THE
END

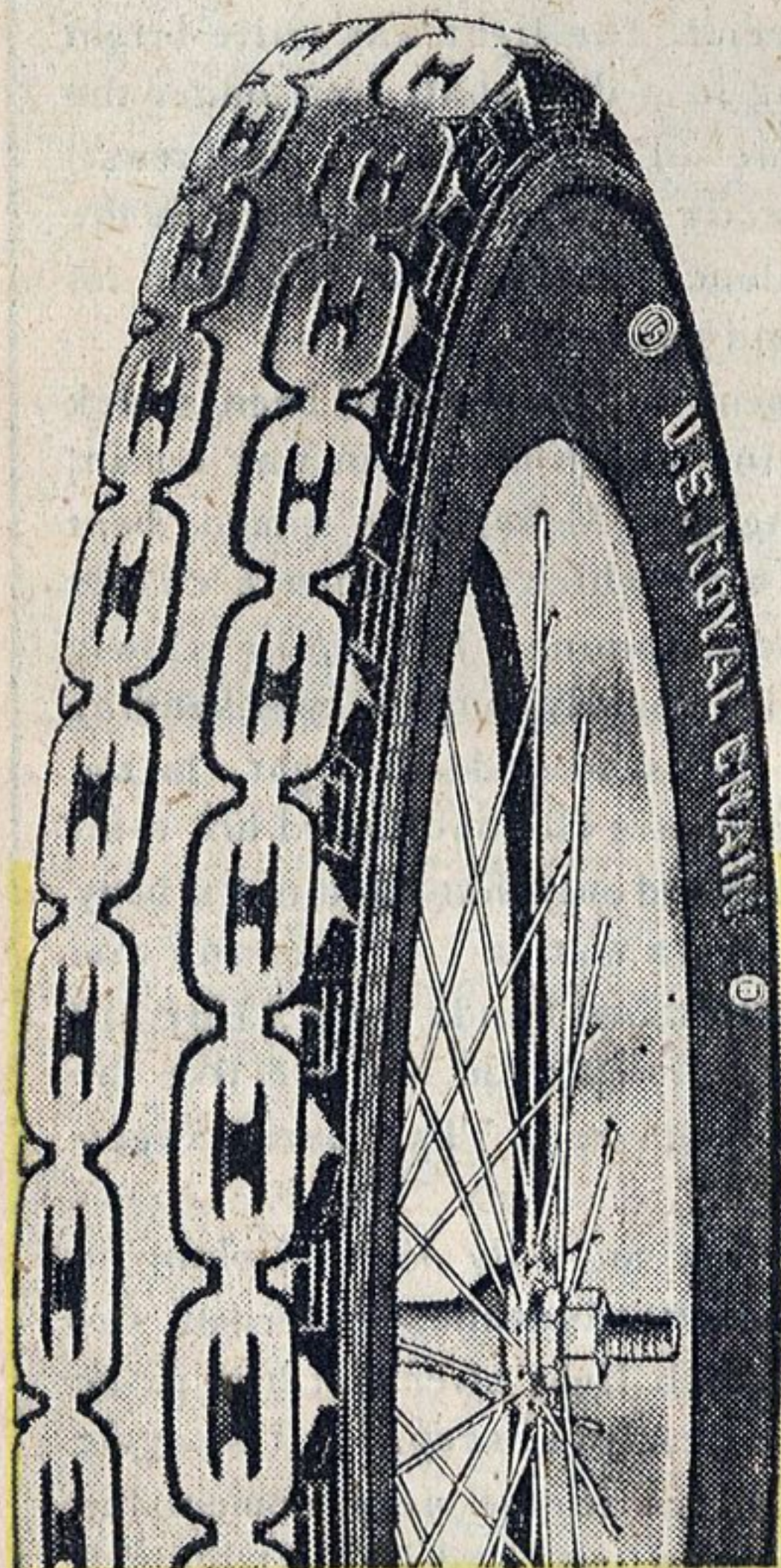


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DEMON'S GROTTTO

JIM HAD HEARD a lot of whacky stories, after ten years of banging around the South Pacific. But he'd never believed them. If he had, he'd never have come upon some of his richest hauls. The supposedly accursed pearl beds off Kimrau Isle, the gold veins in the Owen-Stanley mountains which the natives claimed were protected by tribal gods...they'd all proved nothing more than local legends. And so it would be with the sunken pirate ship he intended diving to in a few minutes. The horrified chieftains swore that he was going to certain death, for the waters were the sacred home of their god, and the area known as the...DEMON'S GROTTTO!

Jim snorted contemptuously. His old maps showed beyond doubt that the ship had gone down on the spot below him, and nothing would prevent his getting it, even though he had to admit that the witch-doctors had gone into an unusually severe pitch of frenzy when he made his plan known. He had dived into deeper waters before, and with the new oxygen tanks which he could carry on his back, the job would be a lead-pipe cinch.

As the native tom-toms beat out their chant of warning, Jim slipped into the waters, the oxygen mask over his head, and began to descend. A variety of vividly colored tropical fish passed before his face window as the waters turned from blue to green. Then it was grey, and colder, and greyer yet...as he descended into the deeps.

He breast-stroked powerfully as the time-eaten hull of the pirate frigate came into view. Deeper yet, passing vertically down the barnacled mainmast, where a few ancient tattered sails hung like shrouds in grey-green gloom. There was something weird about the ship, vaguely unpleasant, for Jim realized that the hull was in far better condition than anything almost three hundred years under water should be. He

was almost on the deck now, treading water lightly, peering hard for the stairway leading to the cabins below.

Suddenly he spied a dim light ahead. "Probably some phosphorescent matter in the water," he thought, but at the same moment it occurred to him that in all the years he'd studied the seven seas he'd never come across any underwater light that bright.

He edged closer to the source. "It...it's not possible!" he gasped. "Why...that's a...a LIGHT...coming from below!" His first instinct was to get away as fast as possible, but his inborn curiosity got the better of him. Sucking more deeply at the oxygen, he reached the slime-covered stairs, and began to descend. The light was quite bright now, coming in a thin shaft from under the door of one of the cabins. He breast-stroked directly to it, listening hard in the absolute silence, reached out his hand for the door...and pushed.

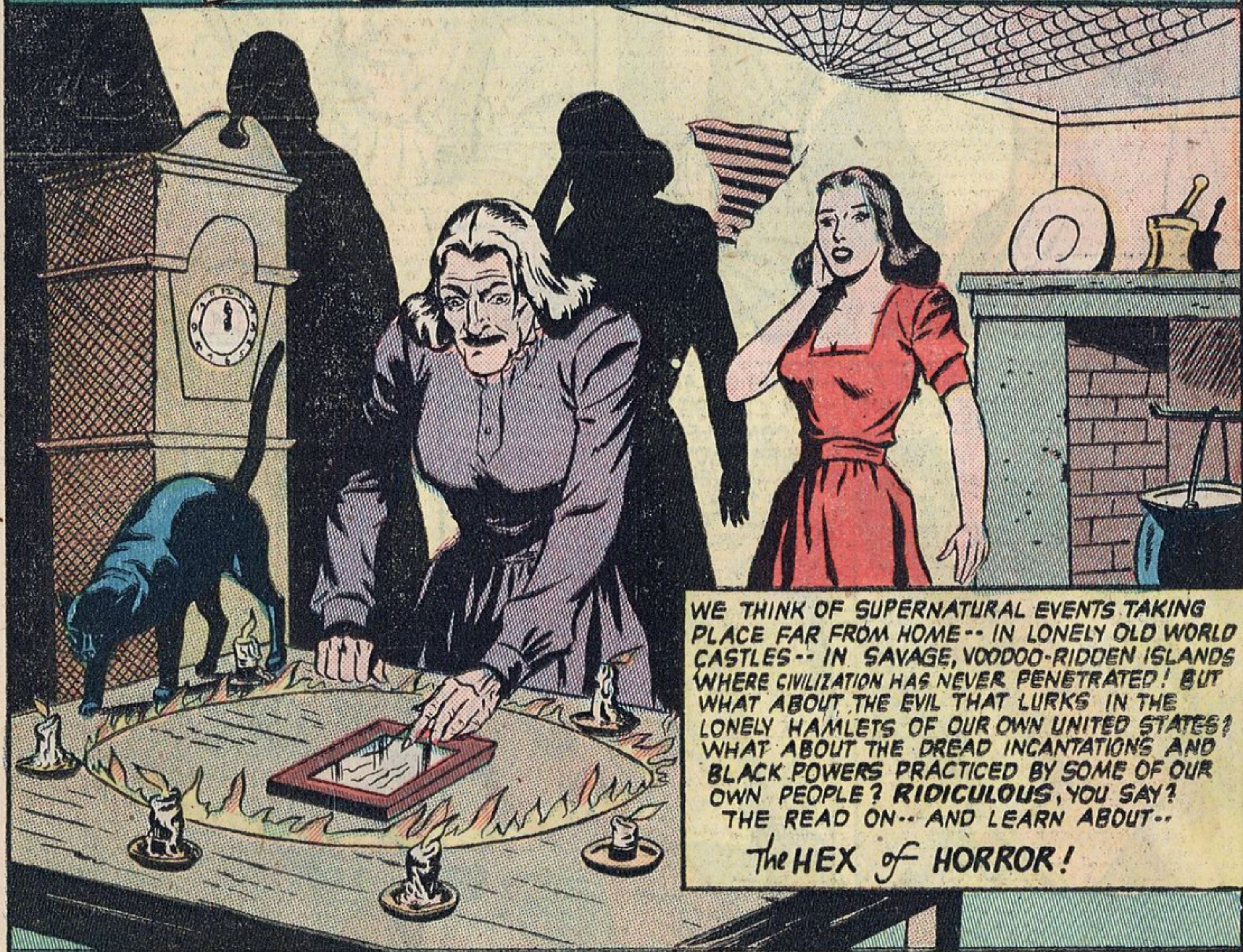
For a moment he thought he'd been struck mad, for sitting within the cabin was a man, or something that *looked* like a man, bent over a table on which an immense candle was somehow burning. The *Thing* slowly looked up, its ghastly sunken eyes sending forth twin shafts of reddish light. In the moment of paralysis which followed his total horror, Jim noticed only that the thing's body was scaly, like a marine creature, and that its huge outstretched hands were WEBBED!

"Welcome," it said, in a voice like the tolling of a death bell. "I've been *expecting* you!"

The light was suddenly doused, plunging the cabin into utter blackness. Jim saw two shafts of reddish light streak at him as he struggled frantically to escape. But struggle was useless, for in the next moment his oxygen line was cut, and he felt himself gripped by some irresistible force.

But just before he succumbed, Jim felt two hands clutching his throat, and the hands were...WEBBED!

The HEX of HORROR



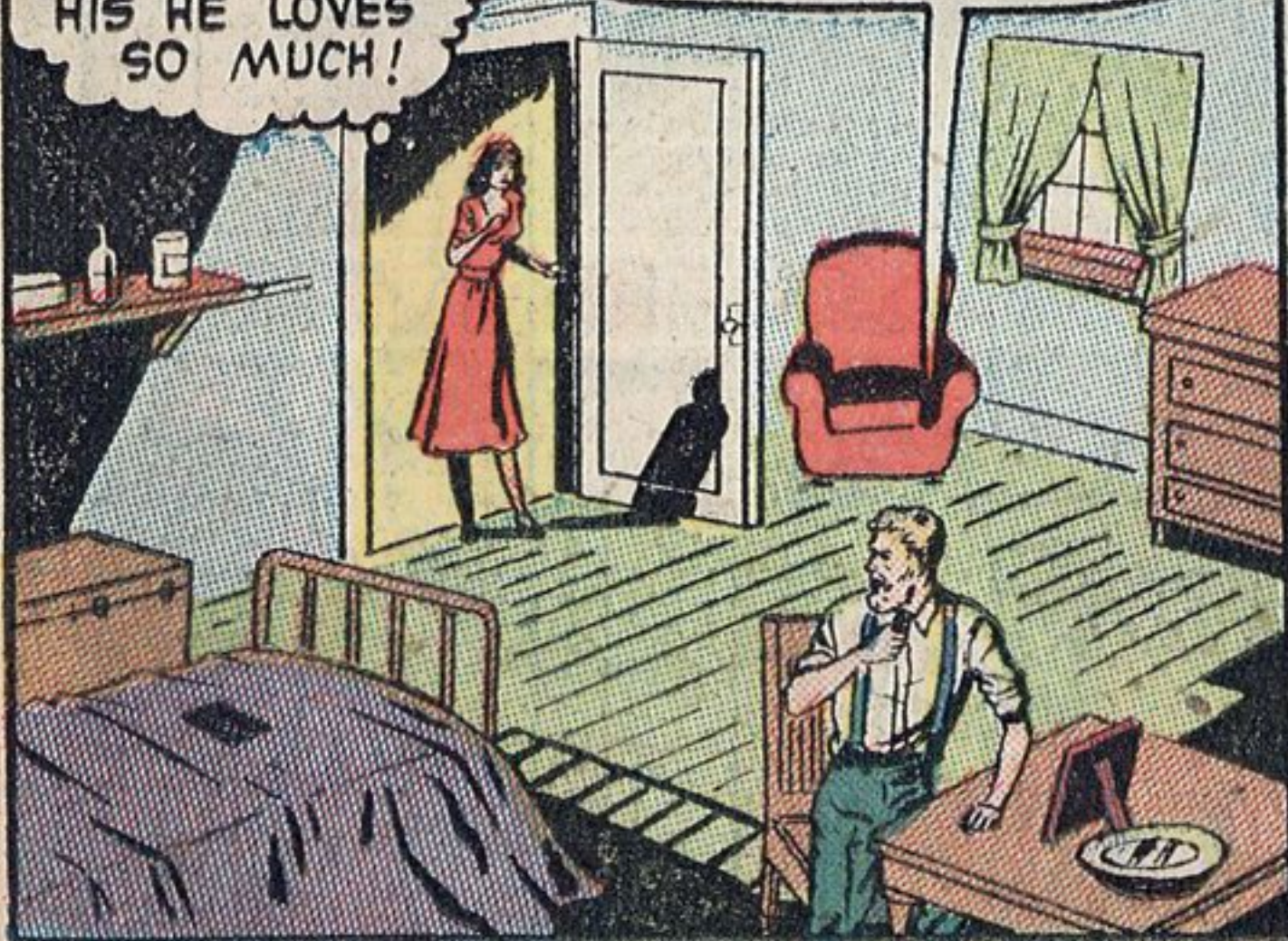
WE THINK OF SUPERNATURAL EVENTS TAKING PLACE FAR FROM HOME-- IN LONELY OLD WORLD CASTLES-- IN SAVAGE, VODOO-RIDDEN ISLANDS WHERE CIVILIZATION HAS NEVER PENETRATED! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE EVIL THAT LURKS IN THE LONELY HAMLETS OF OUR OWN UNITED STATES? WHAT ABOUT THE DREAD INCANTATIONS AND BLACK POWERS PRACTICED BY SOME OF OUR OWN PEOPLE? RIDICULOUS, YOU SAY? THE READ ON-- AND LEARN ABOUT--

The HEX of HORROR!

IN A LONELY PENNSYLVANIA FARMHOUSE...

THERE HE IS, COMBIN' OUT HIS **BEARD** AG'IN! HOW I HATE HIM.. AN' THAT BEARD O' HIS HE LOVES SO MUCH!

WHY YOU POKIN' AROUND AT THE DOOR, MARTHA? COME ON IN AN' STOP PUSSYFOOTIN' AROUND! WHAT DO Y' WANT?



I WANT MY **MONEY**, EB! YOU SOLD EVERY HOG ON THE FARM YESTERDAY, AN' YOU AIN'T GIVE ME MY SHARE YET! I DON'T CARE IF YOU ARE MY **HALF-BROTHER**! YOU BEEN **CHEATIN'** ME TOO LONG!

YOU AIN'T GOT NO MONEY COMIN'! NOW **GIT BACK TO YOUR WORK!**





IT'S MY BUSINESS TO KNOW THINGS-- ABOUT EB, ESPECIALLY! DIDN'T HE STEAL MOST O' MY LAND AFTER MY HUSBAND DIED-- AN' HAVEN'T I BEEN WAITIN' FER A WAY TO GIT BACK AT HIM? YOU CAN HELP ME, MARTHY-- BY GITTIN' ME SOMETHIN' PERSONAL THAT BELONGS TO HIM!



MAIN THING'S TO GIT ME MY MONEY-- AN' THEN HAVE SOMETHIN' HAPPEN TO HIM! COULD BE TO THAT **BEARD** OF HIS, MAYBE-- HE'S THAT PROUD OF IT---



THAT GIVES ME AN IDEE! GO RIGHT HOME, AN' WHEN HE'S SLEEPIN', YOU CUT OFF A COUPLA HAIRS FROM THAT BEARD AN' BRING 'EM BACK TO ME! AN' BRING THE **LOOKIN'-GLASS** HE USES, TOO! THAT'S ALL I NEED!

LATER...

THERE! I GUESS I'VE GOT ENOUGH O' HIS BEARD! NOW ALL I NEED IS THAT LOOKIN'-GLASS AN' WE'RE ALL SET!



AND SO THE STAGE WAS SET FOR TRAGEDY, AND-- **HORROR!**

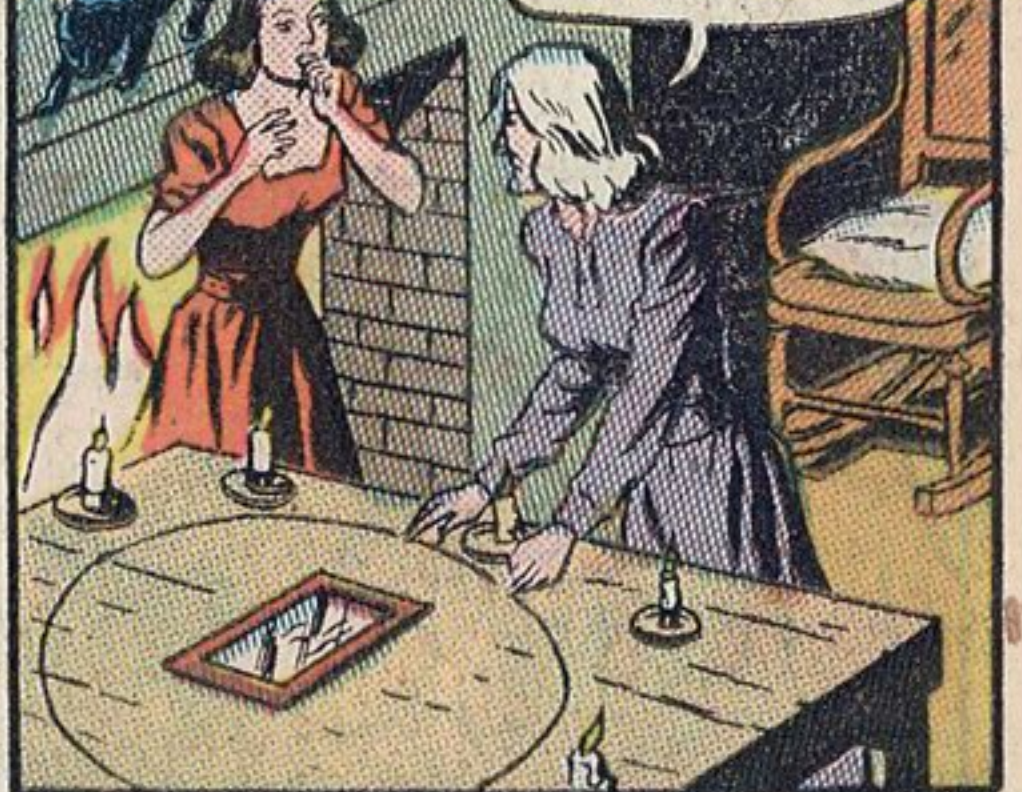
WH-WHAT YOU AIM TO DO?

I AIM TO ASK THE **DEVIL** TO SIT ON THIS GLASS! I RECKON EB'LL NEVER SEE SUCH ANOTHER SIGHT AS I AIM TO MAKE HIM SEE!



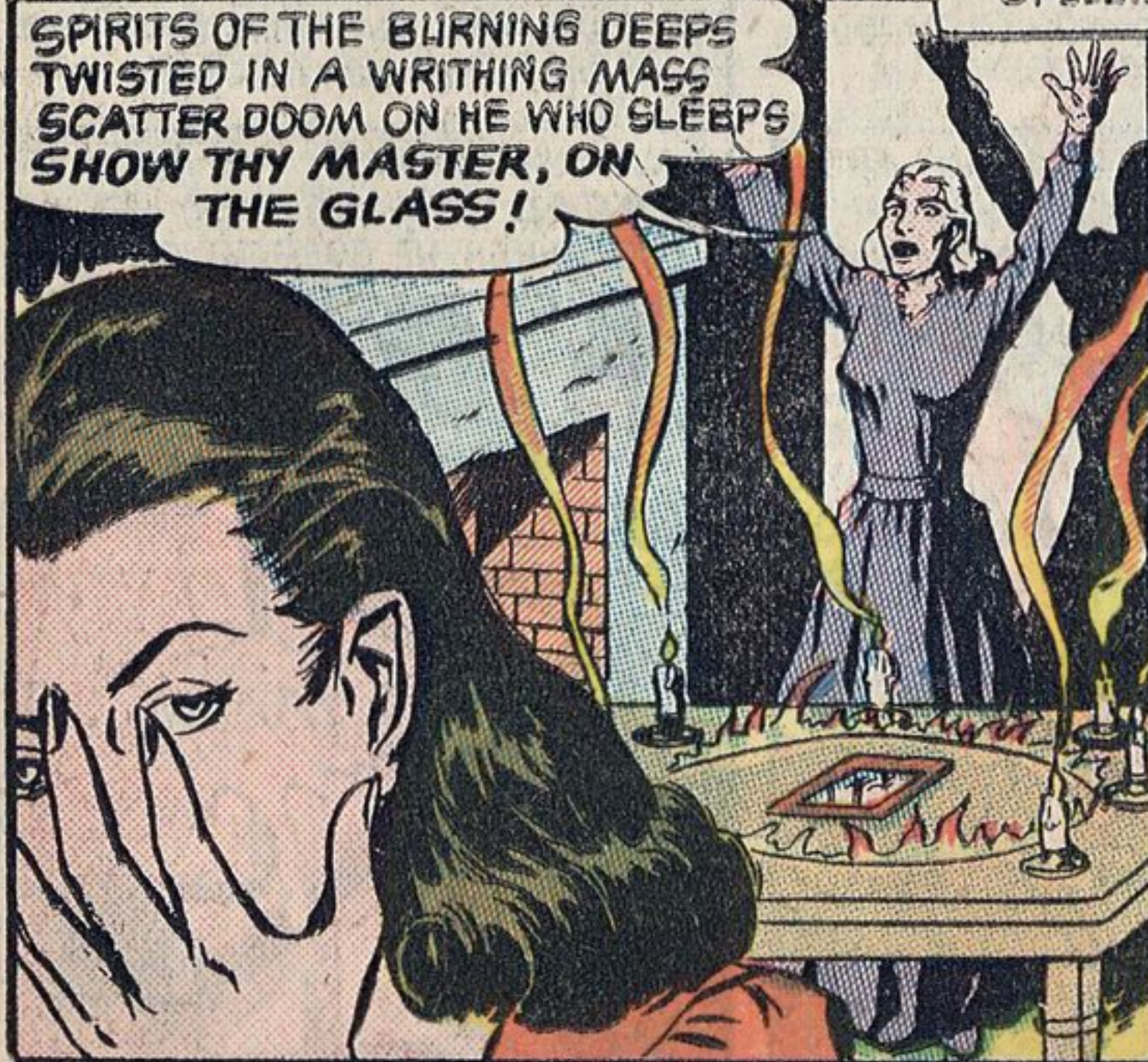
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' NOW? WHAT'S THAT **BLACK CIRCLE** FOR?

HUSH, MARTHY, AN' YOU BETTER LOOK THE OTHER WAY! WHAT I'M GOIN' TO DO AIN'T A PRETTY THING TO SEE! I LEARNED THIS HEX FROM MY GRAND-MAMMY! SHE CALLED IT-- **THE HEX OF HORROR!**



THEN, AS THE WIZENED CRONE INTONED THE ANCIENT SPELL...

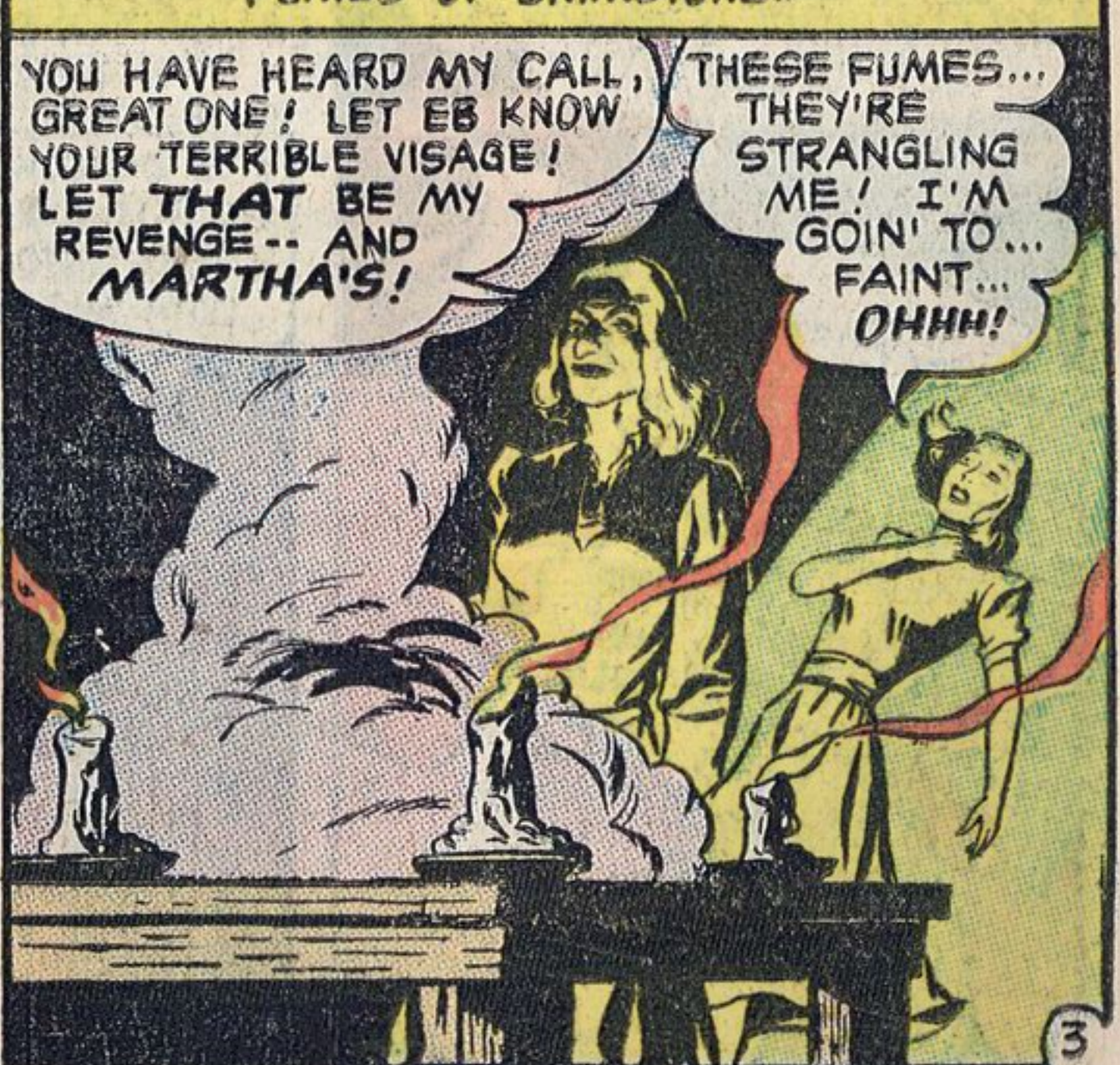
SPIRITS OF THE BURNING DEEPS TWISTED IN A WRITHING MASS SCATTER DOOM ON HE WHO SLEEPS SHOW THY MASTER, ON THE GLASS!



THEN, AS THE ROOM FILLED WITH THE GHASTLY FUMES OF BRIMSTONE...

YOU HAVE HEARD MY CALL, GREAT ONE! LET EB KNOW YOUR TERRIBLE VISAGE! LET THAT BE MY REVENGE-- AND MARTHA'S!

THESE FUMES... THEY'RE STRANGLING ME! I'M GOIN' TO... FAINT... OHHH!



GIT UP, YOU MILKSOP.. NOW IT'S UP TO YOU!
TAKE THE GLASS HOME AN' PUT IT WHERE HE
KEEPS IT! WHEN HE LOOKS INTO IT IN THE
MORNIN', YOU'LL GIT THAT MONEY.. AN' **MORE!**
BUT MIND YOU DON'T LOOK INTO IT-- OR
YOU'LL WISH YOU HADN'T!



AT LAST EB'S A-GONNA GIT HIS COME-UPPANCE.. I
CAN HARDLY WAIT! MEBBE WHAT HE SEES IN THE
MIRROR WILL MAKE HIM LOSE HIS BEARD.. WONDER
WHAT IT IS? WISH I DARED TAKE A PEEK.. BUT
THAT OL' WITCH WARNED ME **NOT TO!**



MOMENTS LATER, AS EB'S EVERY
BREATH STIRRED TERROR WITHIN
MARTHA...

THERE! THE GLASS IS
IN PLACE, AN' I AIN'T LOOKED AT
IT ONCE.. NO MATTER HOW MUCH I
WANTED TO! BUT WHAT'D THE WIDOW
MEAN THAT IN THE MORNIN' I'D GIT **MORE**
MONEY THAN EB OWED ME? WAIT.. MEBBE
I CAN FIND THE ANSWER UP IN THE ATTIC
WHERE PAPPY HID AWAY THE BOOK ON
WITCHCRAFT AND HEXES
JUST AFORE HE DIED!



HERE IT IS, RIGHT WHERE
I FIGURED! NOW
LET'S SEE...

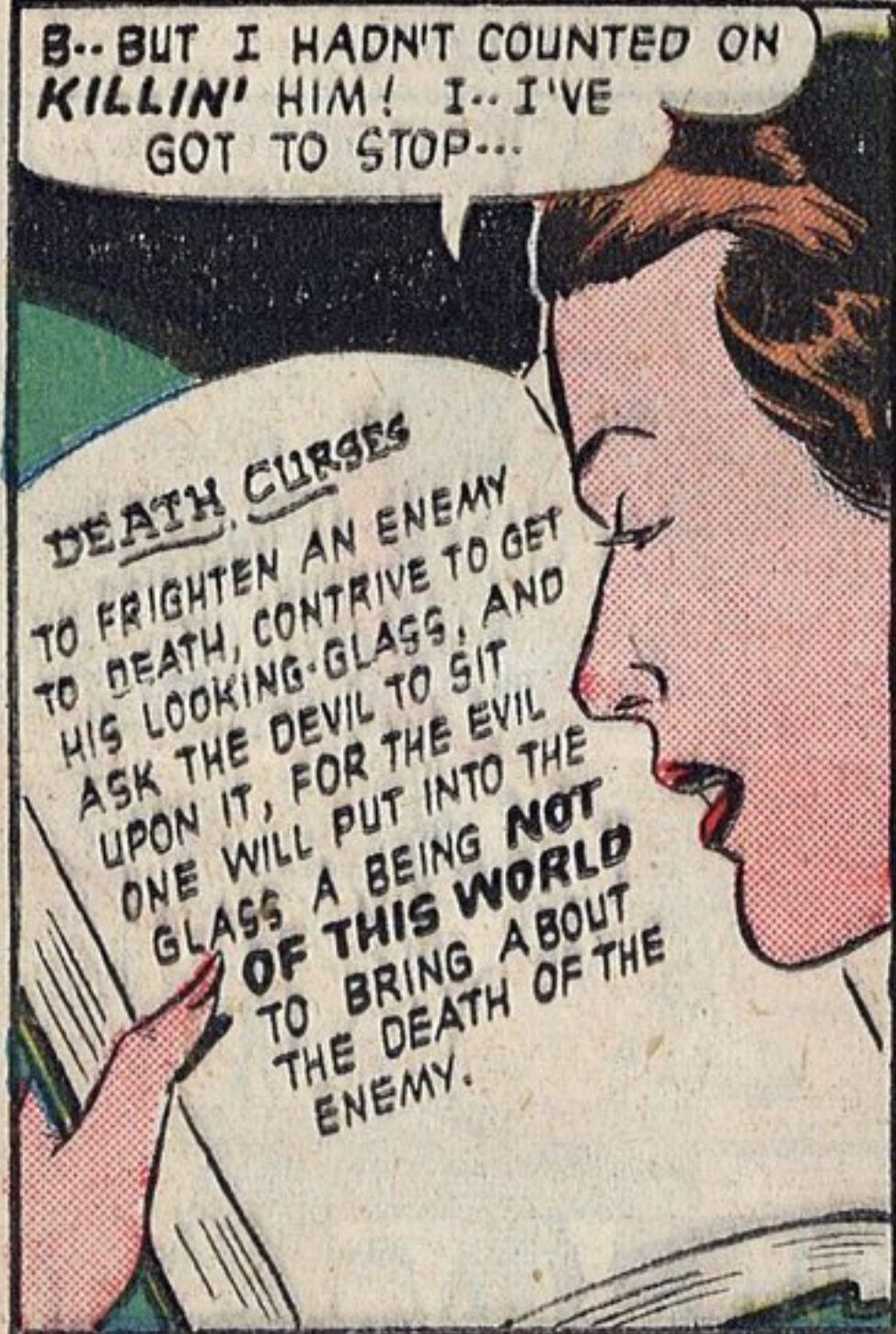


THEN, AS THE HOURS TICKED
AWAY UNNOTICED...

HMM, THERE'S CURES HERE FOR
FALLING HAIR, MEASLES, LUMBAGO,
RHEUMATISM, BUT I DON'T SEE...
**WAIT! HERE IT IS-- UNDER
DEATH CURSES!**



B.. BUT I HADN'T COUNTED ON
KILLIN' HIM! I.. I'VE
GOT TO STOP...



THEN, AS THE CHIMES OF THE ANCIENT
GRANDFATHER CLOCK TOLLED THROUGH
THE STILL HOUSE...

FIVE O'CLOCK.. THAT MEANS EB'LL
BE GITTIN' UP! AN' WHEN HE
LOOKS INTO THE MIRROR.. HIM
WITH HIS WEAK
HEART...



THERE WAS STILL TIME TO STOP EB,
TO SAVE HIM! BUT THEN CAME THE
GRIM, CHILLING THOUGHT...

SAVE HIM.. **WHY?** I'LL MAKE IT
A **REAL** REVENGE.. AN' LET HIM
DIE WHEN HE GOES TO COMB OUT
THAT BEARD O'
HIS'N IN THE
MIRROR! --
THERE!



JEST AS I FIGGERED-- FLAT ON HIS BACK! EB-- MY DEAR, DEPARTED HALF-BROTHER!



DEAD! SERVES HIM RIGHT.. AN' NOW THE FARM IS MINE, INCLUDIN' THAT SACK O' SILVER HE KEPT HIDDEN IN THE CLOSET!



ALL THE MONEY HE HAD, AN' NOW IT'S-- **MINE!** THAT'S WHAT THE WIDOW KLOPP MEANT-- SAYIN' I'D GIT **MORE'N** I EXPECTED! BUT I KEEP WONDERIN' WHAT IT WAS THAT EB SAW-- WHAT IT WAS THAT COULD'VE FRIGHTENED **HIM** TO DEATH!



THEN, AS MARTHA LOOKED AT HER DEAD BROTHER WITH FIERCE JOY-- SUDDENLY SHE RECALLED THE LONG FORGOTTEN WORDS OF HER FATHER...

REMEMBER, DAUGHTER-- THOSE WHO INVOKE THE DEVIL'S HELP WILL HAVE TO **PAY HIM** WHEN THE TIME COMES!

NO, NO-- I'M NOT GONNA THINK O' THAT! I-- I'LL THINK O' SOMETHIN' **ELSE**-- LIKE WHAT COULDA BEEN IN THAT MIRROR!



THEN, AS CURIOSITY BEGAN TO BURN FIERCELY AT HER WILL POWER...

I AIN'T SCARED O' NOTHIN'-- SO WHY **SHOULDN'T** I TAKE A LOOK! JEST ONE LITTLE BITTY PEEK CAIN'T HURT ME!



WHY-- IT'S NOTHIN' BUT EB'S FACE, LOOKIN' THE WAY I ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE IT-- **BURNIN' UP WITH PAIN!**



I TOLD YOU I'D PAY YOU BACK, EB! I TOLD YOU I'D... **WHAT'S THAT?** HIS FACE-- IT'S **CHANGIN'**-- AN' NOW THERE'S **SOMETHIN' ELSE** COMIN' OUT OF THE MIRROR!



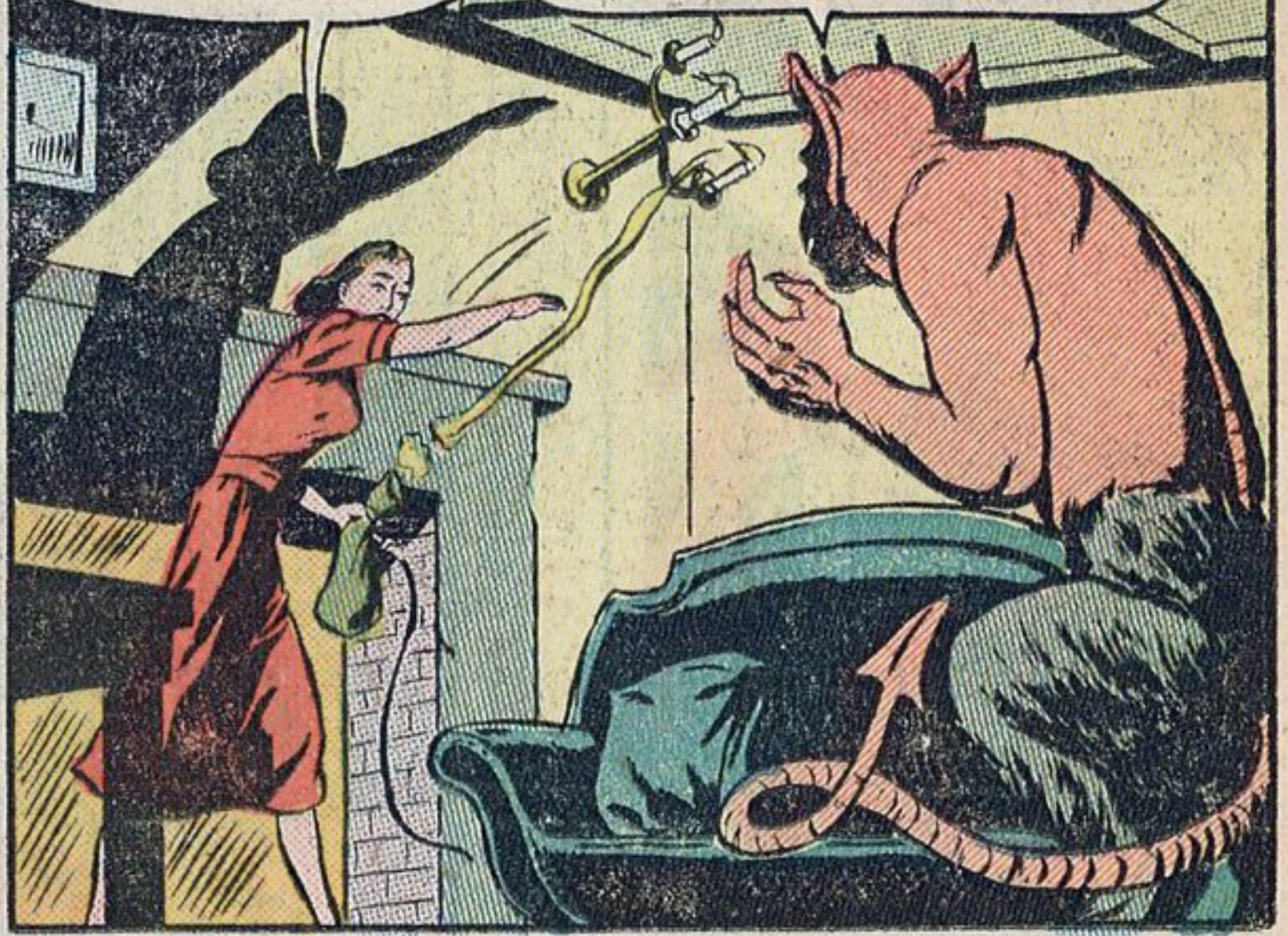
AND SO, MARTHA CAME FACE TO FACE WITH THE--HEX OF HORROR-- MOST FATAL CURSE IN WITCHCRAFT

IT... IT CAN'T BE! NO! NO! KEEP AWAY!



NO! DON'T TOUCH ME! I'LL THROW THIS-- FIRE AT YOU!

THERE IS NO ESCAPE, FOOLISH MORTAL! YOU HAVE LOOKED UPON MY FACE-- AND MUST DIE!



STRUGGLE IS USELESS! YOU HAVE CAUSED YOUR OWN DOOM-- BY INVOKING THE FATAL HEX!

NO! NO! YOU WON'T GET ME!



THEN, WITH THE FRENZIED STRENGTH OF ONE FACING DEATH, MARTHA FLUNG THE AWFUL FORM AWAY FROM HER, SWINGING THE BAG OF SILVER AROUND HER MADLY IN THE DARKNESS..

K-KEEP AWAY! DON'T COME NEAR ME!

HAA-HA-HA!



FLAILING MADLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS, MARTHA FOUGHT HER WAY TO THE DOOR! SUDDENLY, SHE FELT SOMETHING TOUCH HER NECK, JERKING UPWARD! THEN, IN HER FRANTIC HASTE...

YOU WON'T GET ME! I'LL GET OUT OF HERE-- OHHH!

THUD!



IT WAS THE WIDOW KLOPP WHO FINALLY FOUND THE BODIES! THEN, WHEN THE POLICE AND VILLAGE DOCTOR HAD ARRIVED...

POOR EB HAD A BAD HEART A LONG TIME-- IT JUST SEEMED TO GIVE OUT, I GUESS! BUT MARTHA-- THIS IS AWFULLY STRANGE! HOW ON EARTH COULD SHE HAVE STRANGLED HERSELF THAT WAY?

CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY, DOC-- BUT EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN IN THESE HILLS! YOU JEST CAIN'T EXPLAIN 'EM!

RECKON SO, SHERIFF-- IT'S JEST A MYSTERY!



JUST A MYSTERY? PERHAPS! BUT EVERY YEAR THESE "MYSTERIES" TAKE PLACE WITHIN OUR BORDERS, MYSTERIES WHICH WE LIGHTLY BRUSH OFF WITH SUCH A PHRASE AS, "HE MUST HAVE HAD A HEX ON HIM!"

THE END



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OUT of the NIGHT... TO YOU!

WE'VE WAITED MIGHTY impatiently for this moment, readers. Part of the reason, of course, was that you're our favorite people...because naturally, we've got a soft spot in our hearts for the ardent fans and loyal supporters of "Out of The Night", America's great magazine of the supernatural. Over and above that, however, was the fact that we were more than a little anxious to discuss this current issue of ours with you.

As you know, this is our fifth number. From the outset, our purpose has been to frame and publish such a magazine as you, our readers, would desire. You see, there's far more to putting out a magazine than filling a certain number of pages with stories. You've got to be sure that they're good stories...which, in this case, means thrilling, tense and imaginative yarns which plumb the depths of the great Unknown. Then, they've got to be ably illustrated, which requires the services of ace artists who can, through the medium of vivid pictures they create, make the supernatural come alive. Most important of all, however, is the need to ascertain just what your readers want to see. And now, happy to relate, we've managed to reach that

point. From our first issue onward, we've been deluged with countless letters from the many good people who constitute our public. They've told us what they liked...and what they didn't like. And, on the basis of their expressed preferences, we've at last been able to establish an editorial policy which should result in making "Out of The Night" exactly the sort of magazine you want it to be.

This present issue, thus, reflects your desires...and we hope you'll like it! "The Zombie's Revenge" is as weird a piece of supernatural lore as you'll ever encounter. "The Hex of Horror" packs an eerie chill, and we think you'll like it. Then, there's "Adventure Into Witchcraft", which presents a little-known side of the occult, and thrillingly! Winding up the issue is "The Vampire Master", a truly tense and gripping story.

We think you'll like this number...and we want to keep on pleasing you! Help us, please, by writing in and telling us what you'd like to see in this magazine! Address your letter to The Editor, "Out of The Night", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. And here's what some of our other readers are saying!

"Dear Editor:-

I've just gotten my first copy of 'Out of The Night'...and enjoyed it plenty! It's wonderful...has a lot more excitement than any other book I've read. And it contains just the kind of stories I love reading! I'll buy your magazine every time it comes out!

--Roy G. Sharpe, Roanoke, Va."

"Dear Editor:-

I'd like you to know that I enjoy 'Out of The Night' throughout. I go for stories like 'The Vampire's Fate' because they keep you in the utmost suspense to the very end...you've just got to keep on reading! Keep up the good work!

--Florence Butler, Sydney, N.S."

"Dear Editor:-

Don't know what I did before I started reading 'Out of The Night'...I sure was missing a lot! Your stories are great...I'd be behind you if you'd start publishing them monthly!

--Douglas Potts, Sumner, Texas."

HERE, READER, IS ONE OF THE MOST INCREDIBLE AND TERRIFYING STORIES EVER TO COME TO THIS MAGAZINE -- A STORY THAT STARTS RIGHT IN OUR OWN EDITORIAL OFFICES, AND ENDS IN A NIGHTMARISH SETTING OF UNSPEAKABLE HORROR! YOU CAN BELIEVE IT OR NOT, BUT WE'RE SURE YOU'LL BE GLAD **YOU** NEVER HAD TO EMBARK ON SUCH AN...

ADVENTURE *into* WITCHCRAFT!



HARRY LAZARUS

WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH YOU LATELY, GARY? YOU HAVEN'T WRITTEN A DECENT STORY FOR ME SINCE YOU CAME BACK FROM EGYPT LAST MONTH!

EDITORIAL OFFICES

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

OUT OF THE NIGHT

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT MYSELF, CHIEF-- ALL I KNOW IS THAT EVERY TIME I TRY TO DO SOME RESEARCH INTO THE OCCULT, I GET A SPLITTING HEADACHE THAT PREVENTS ME FROM DOING ANY WORK! AND I... I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING THAT SOMEONE IS TIGHTENING A METAL BAND AROUND THE HEAD OF A WAXEN IMAGE... **MY IMAGE!**

IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I STARTED TO STUDY THE FABULOUSLY RARE AND ANCIENT EGYPTIAN VOLUME CALLED "THE 13TH BOOK OF NECROMANCY"-- WHICH I DUG OUT OF THE PYRAMIDS LAST MONTH! I READ ENOUGH TO FIND THE BOOK CONTAINED THE MOST INCREDIBLE COLLECTION OF OCCULT SECRETS IN THE WORLD-- BUT EACH TIME I CAN DECIPHER NO MORE THAN A FEW SENTENCES BEFORE THOSE AWFUL HEADACHES FORCE ME TO STOP WORK!



I COULD USE THESE SECRETS OF NECROMANCY AS THE BASIS FOR MY STORIES! THEY'D BE THE GREATEST AND MOST AUTHENTIC SUPERNATURAL YARNS EVER PUBLISHED! BUT I'M BEGINNING TO THINK I'LL **NEVER** GET SUCH STORIES WRITTEN-- I... I FEEL AS IF I'M BEING HEXED BY INCREDIBLY EVIL FORCES THAT DON'T WANT THEIR SECRETS KNOWN!

NONSENSE.. YOU'RE JUST LETTING THAT OVER-ACTIVE IMAGINATION OF YOURS RUN AWAY WITH YOU!

YOU'RE THE BEST SUPERNATURAL WRITER IN THE BUSINESS, GARY-- BUT YOU'VE GOT TO GET A **GRIP** ON YOURSELF! I NEED YOUR STORIES MORE THAN EVER NOW-- BECAUSE THE HALF-DOZEN OTHER TOP WRITERS IN THE FIELD ALL SEEM TO HAVE SUDDENLY RETIRED AND BECOME HERMITS! I'VE BEEN UNABLE TO LOCATE THEM OR TRACE THEM DOWN-- AS IF THEY'VE UTTERLY VANISHED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

HMM.. SOMEHOW, CHIEF, I HAVE A HUNCH THAT THERE'S A **CONNECTION** BETWEEN THEIR MYSTERIOUS DIS-APPEARANCES AND MY TROUBLES!



I KNOW... YOU'LL JUST SAY IT'S MY OVER-ACTIVE IMAGINATION AGAIN! WELL, DON'T WORRY, CHIEF -- I WON'T LET YOU DOWN! I'LL GO HOME AND **FORCE** MYSELF TO WORK.. NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS!

GOOD BOY!



AN HOUR LATER, AT GARY LAWSON'S HOME...

PLEASE, DEAR.. NOT THAT BOOK AGAIN-- YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN! **DESTROY IT!**

I CAN'T, HONEY.. IT WOULD MEAN DEPRIVING THE WORLD OF AN IMMENSE STORE OF OCCULT KNOWLEDGE! I'VE GOT TO WADE INTO IT AGAIN-- MAYBE THIS TIME I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE SOME PROGRESS IN MY TRANSLATION!



BUT AS GARY PORES OVER THE ANCIENT TOME--

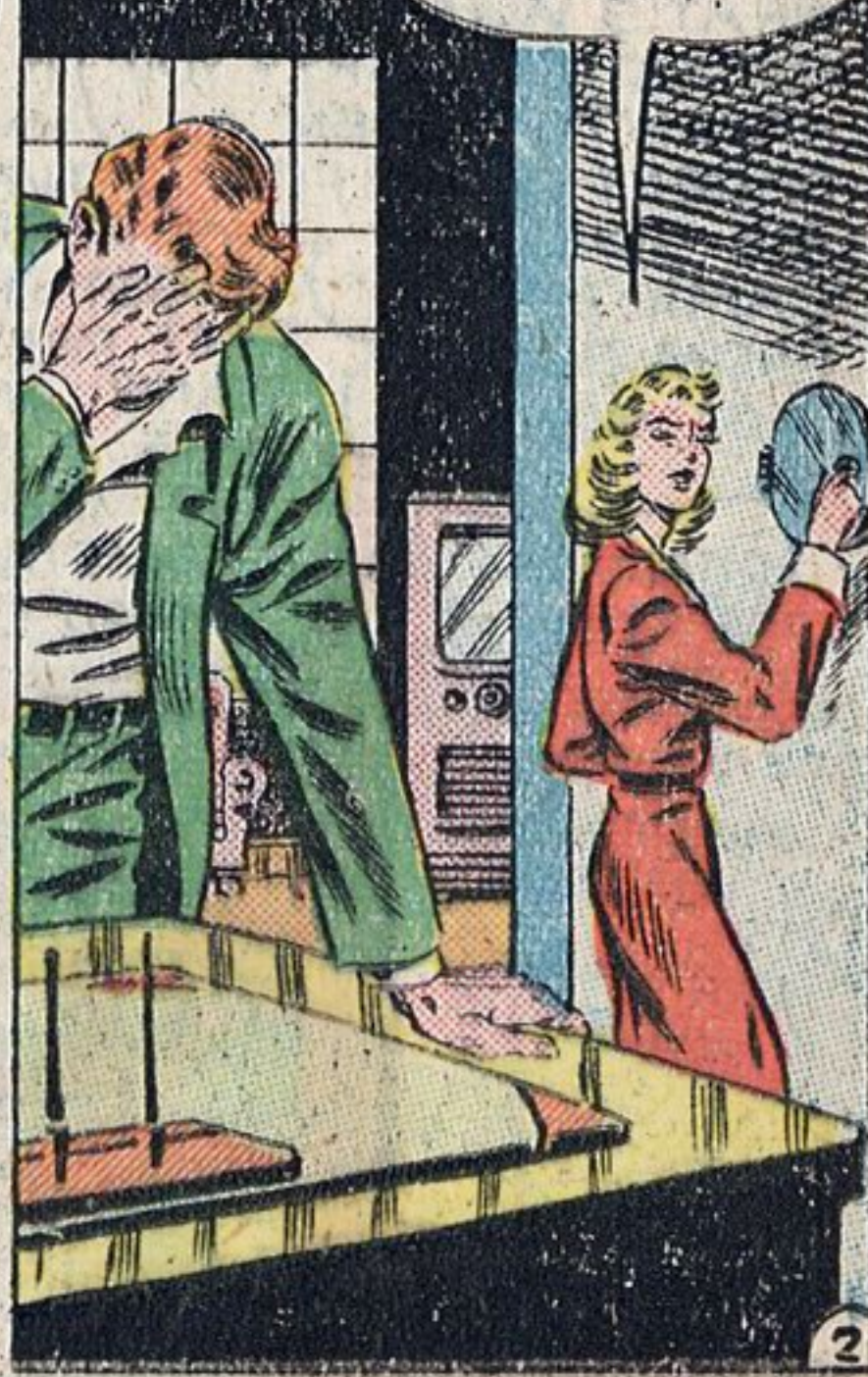
OHH.. MY HEAD! THE AGONY WAS NEVER THIS BAD! IT... IT'S **KILLING** ME!

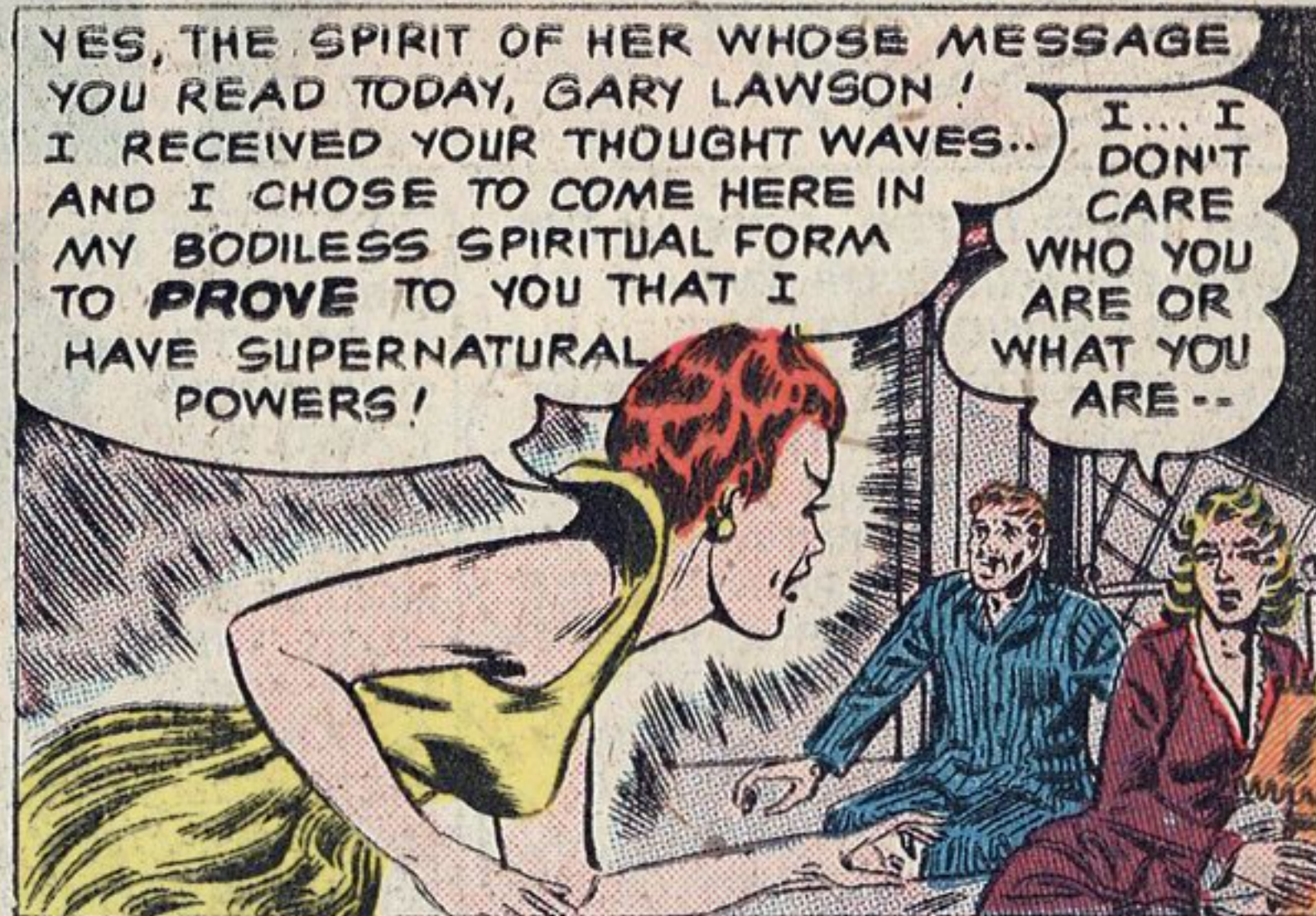
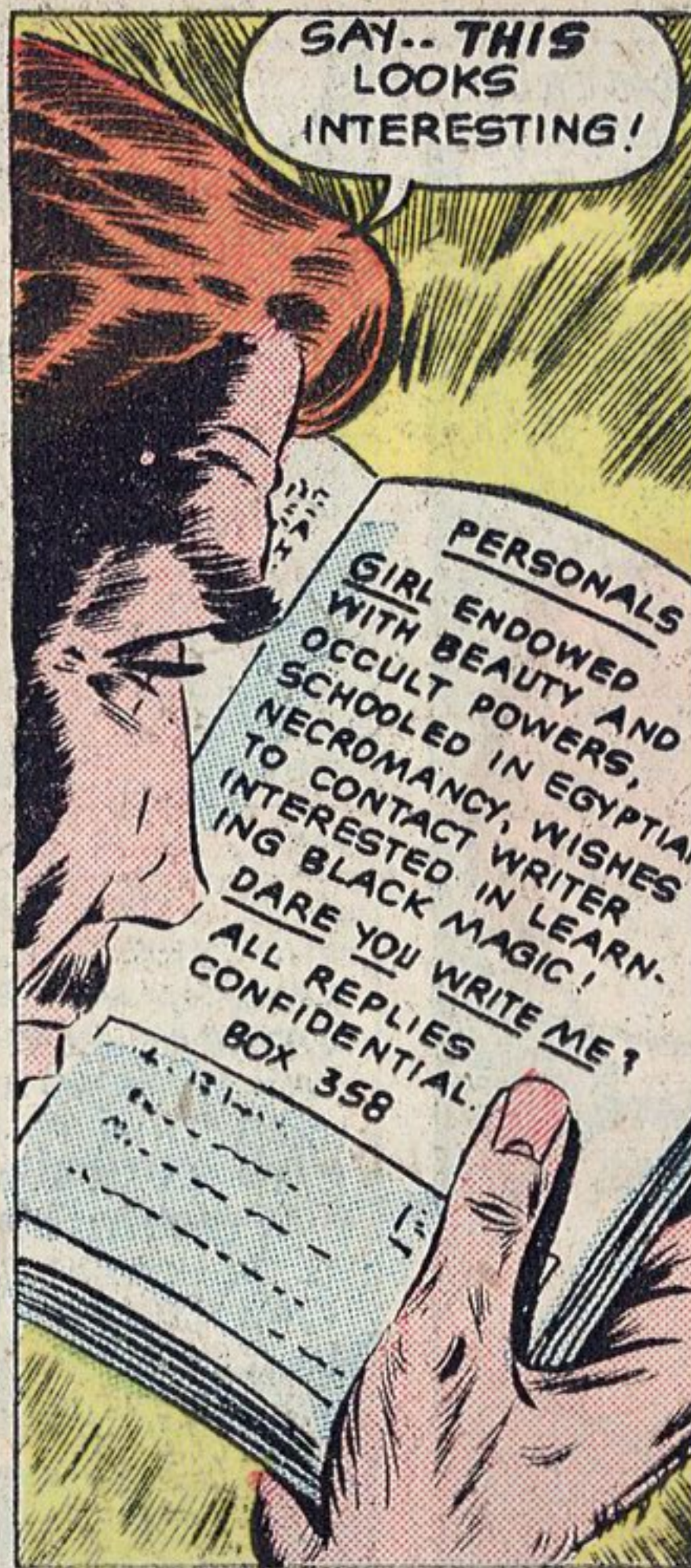
HAPPENING AGAIN, EH? I'M PUTTING THAT DEVILISH THING BACK IN THE SAFE, WHERE IT CAN'T HARM YOU!

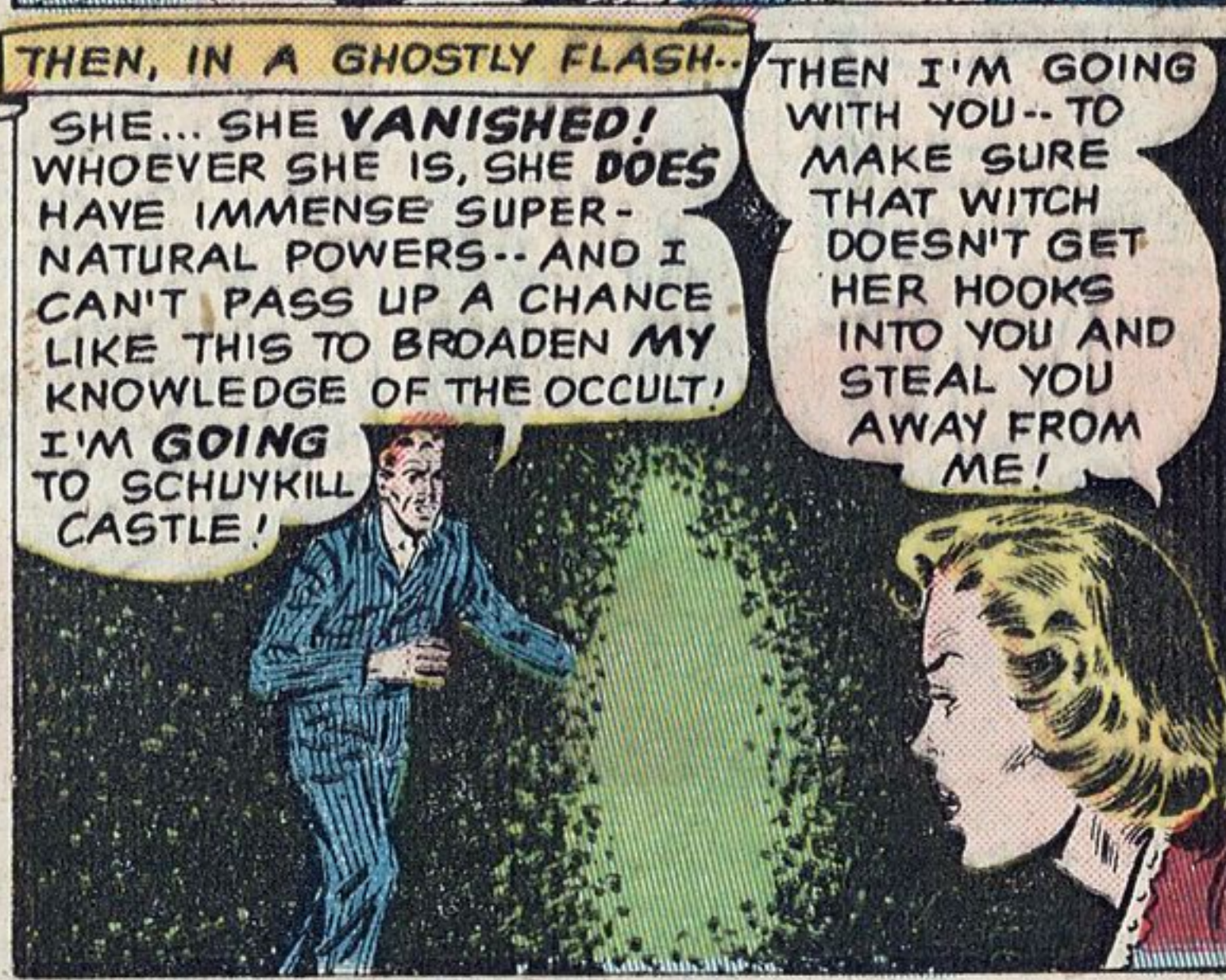
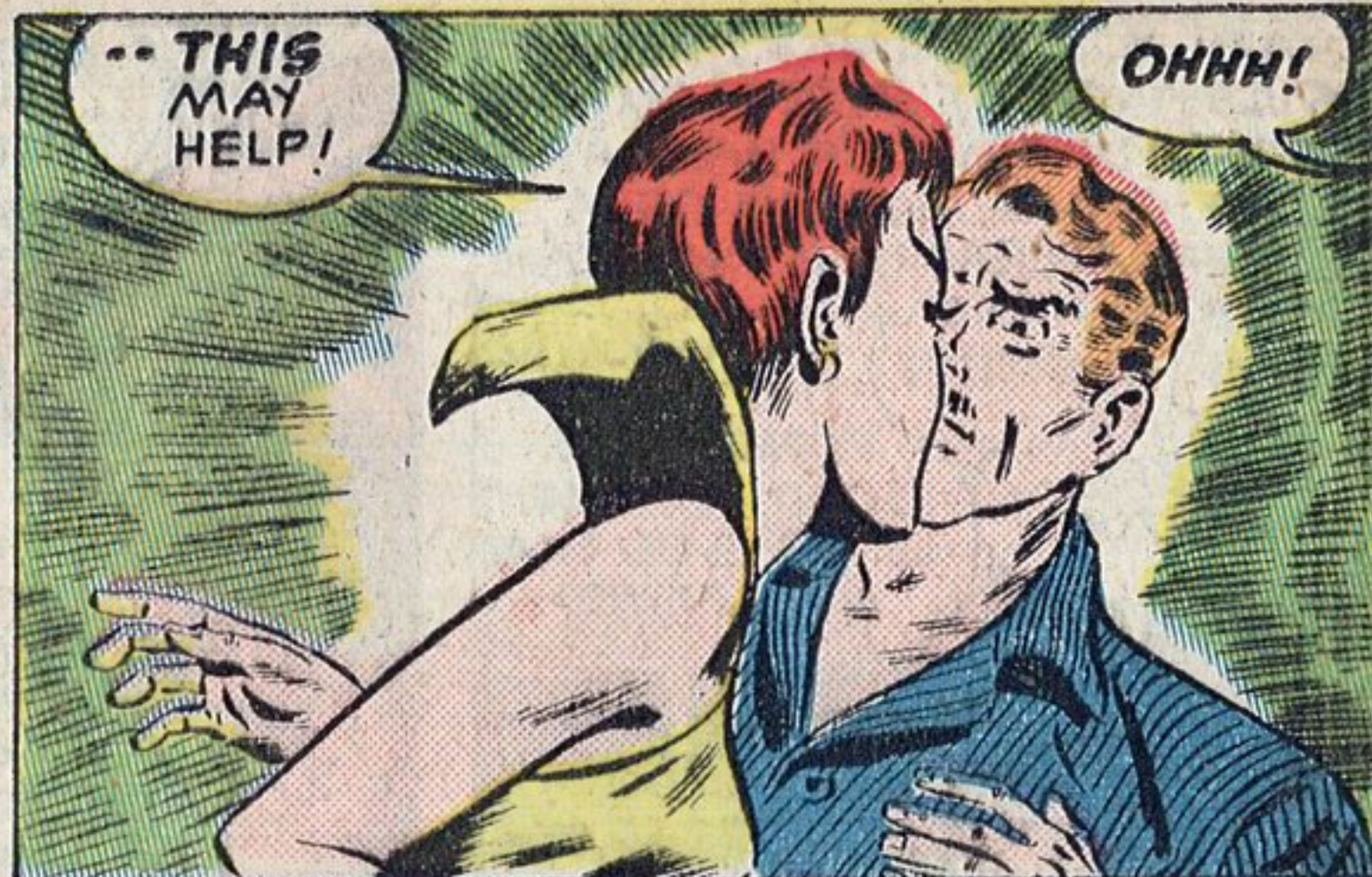


WHEW-- THAT'S BETTER! THE PAIN'S EASING, AND THAT AWFUL VISION DIS-APPEARED!

YOU... YOU MUST NEVER OPEN THAT ACCURSED BOOK AGAIN, DEAR-- EVEN IF YOU NEVER WRITE ANOTHER SUPERNATURAL STORY!







TWO DAYS LATER, DEEP IN THE WILD SOLITUDE OF THE ADIRONDACKS--



THAT... THAT BOULDER JUST MISSED US! SOMETHING TRIED TO KILL US-- AND ONLY THE PENTACLE SIGN SAVED US! LET'S TURN BACK, GARY-- I'M AFRAID!

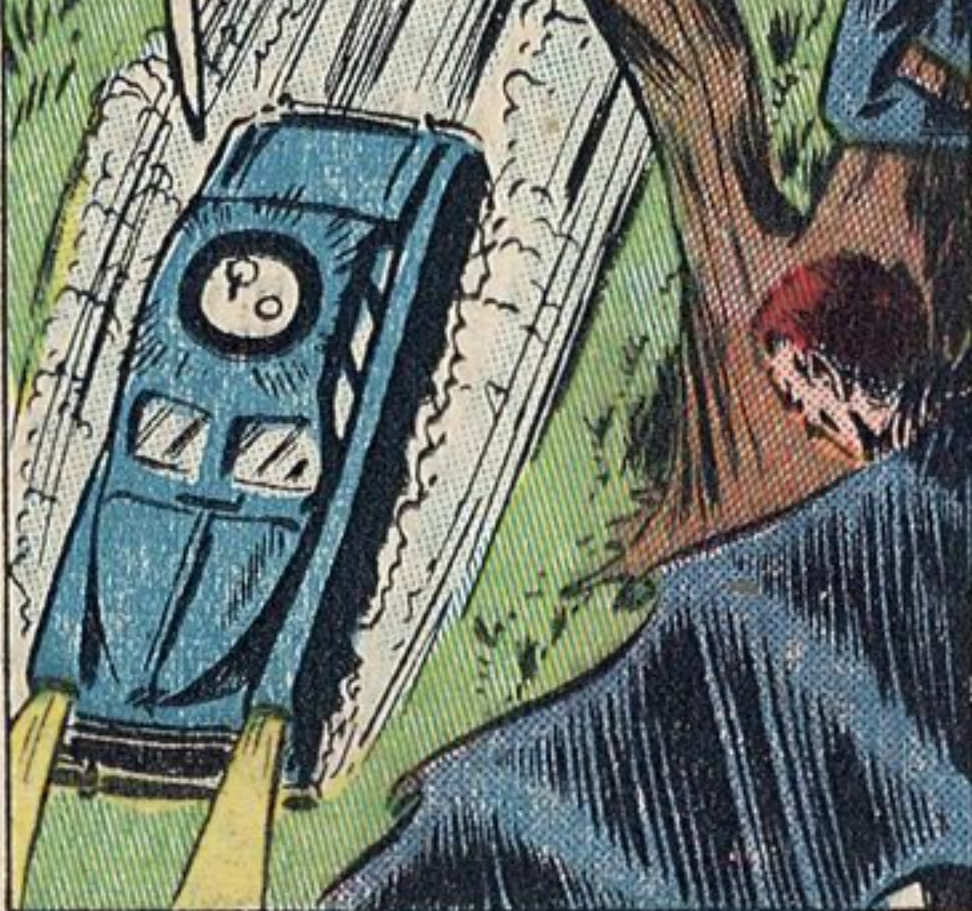
CALM DOWN, HONEY-- IF THE DEFENSES I BROUGHT ALONG ARE WORKING, WHAT'S THERE TO BE AFRAID OF? BESIDES, THIS OLD JALOPY IS FULL OF QUIRKS-- IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A COINCIDENCE THAT IT SPURTED FORWARD JUST AS THE BOULDER FELL-- A MIGHTY LUCKY COINCIDENCE!

AH, THERE'S THE CASTLE-- WE'LL BE THERE SOON!

QUICK-- LET US FLY BACK AND BRING WORD THAT THE VICTIM COMES-- AND THAT WE COULD NOT ATTACK BECAUSE OF THE ACCURSED PENTACLE!

IT LOOKS SO GLOOMY AND FORBIDDING, GARY-- *MUST* WE GO IN?

WE'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH-- I'VE BROUGHT ALONG A STRANGE POWDER THAT WILL PREVENT ANY EVIL SUPERNATURAL BEING FROM ATTACKING US!



INSIDE THE CRUMBLING BARONIAL HALL...

I CAN SCARCELY SEE A THING-- WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL OUR EYES BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO THE GLOOM!

I'M BEGINNING TO MAKE THINGS OUT-- OHH! THOSE HUNCHED DARK SHAPES NEAR THE WALLS-- THEY'RE BEGINNING TO COME TOWARD US!



OUT OF THE SHADOWS--

WEREWOLVES, VAMPIRES, ZOMBIES-- THEY'VE GOT US **SURROUNDED!** WAIT-- I... I THINK I RECOGNIZE SOME OF THE **FACES!**

OHH!



AL WARNER... JIM HOLLIS... CLINT MARDEN-- ALL SUPERNATURAL WRITERS WHOM I KNEW! THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS! WHO-- OR **WHAT--** CHANGED THEM INTO SUCH HORRIBLE CREATURES?

I CHANGED THEM!



IT-- IT'S THE WITCH
WHOSE SPIRIT
APPEARED TO US
THE OTHER NIGHT!
**SHE'S BEHIND
ALL THIS!**

YES-- I, THE WITCH
OF ENDOR, CHANGED
THOSE MEN INTO
FIENDS OF EVIL--JUST
AS I WILL CHANGE
YOU, GARY LAWSON!
BUT FIRST, I WILL
CHANGE INTO MY
NATURAL STATE!

IN ONE AWFUL INSTANT-- A
TERRIFYING TRANSFORMATION!

OH, GARY--
HOW... HOW
HORRIBLE!



THE WITCH
OF ENDOR--
THE MOST
DREADED
WITCH IN
ALL HISTORY!
BUT WHAT
DO YOU
WANT
WITH
ME?

THE DEVIL HIMSELF HAS CHOSEN
ME TO HALT MEDDLING WRITERS
FROM REVEALING OUR SUPERNATURAL
SECRETS! TOO MANY
PEOPLE WERE LEARNING TO
DEFEND THEMSELVES AGAINST
EVIL ATTACKS FROM THE BEYOND--
AND WHEN YOU DISCOVERED THE 13TH
BOOK OF NECROMANCY, WHICH REVEALS
THE MOST POWERFUL AND SATANICAL
RITES AND FORMULAE IN ALL

DEMONOLOGY, WE
KNEW WE HAD
TO **STRIKE!**



THE FIRST THING I DID WAS
TO MAKE THIS WAXEN
IMAGE OF YOU-- AND
TIGHTEN THE CLAMP
AROUND THE HEAD SO
THAT VIOLENT DIS-
TURBANCES WOULD
PREVENT YOU FROM
STUDYING THE BOOK!

THEN I PLACED THAT AD-
VERTISEMENT IN THE WRITER'S
MAGAZINE-- AND IGNORED ALL
EXCEPT THOSE ANSWERS FROM
THE GREATEST WRITERS OF THE
SUPERNATURAL! THOSE WHO
CAME HERE IN RESPONSE TO MY
INVITATION WERE "PERSUADED"
TO BECOME SERVANTS OF SATAN
-- AND NOW IT'S **YOUR** TURN,
GARY LAWSON! EITHER JOIN
FORCES WITH US-- OR **DIE!**

I'LL NEVER
JOIN YOUR
UNHOLY
ALLIANCE,
YOU
GHOUL!

SO-- HE
DEFIES US!
**DESTROY
HIM!**





THERE... THIS OUGHT TO GIVE ME ENOUGH TIME TO SPILL MY SACRED POWDER IN A CIRCLE AROUND US!

POW!



COME AND GET US NOW, YOU CREEPS!

BAH!



THAT'S WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO ANYONE WHO TRIES TO CROSS THE MAGIC CIRCLE!

HIS WHITE MAGIC IS MORE POWERFUL THAN OUR BLACK MAGIC.. WE DARE NOT ATTACK HIM!

YAAGHH!

ATTACK HIM!



HA-- LET THEM STAND IN THE CIRCLE -- UNTIL THEY FALL OUT OF IT IN WEARINESS AND HUNGER! WE CAN WAIT FOR DAYS IF WE HAVE TO!

THEN YOU'LL WAIT IN VAIN! I'VE GOT A LOT MORE POWDER! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MAKE A SERIES OF INTERSECTING CIRCLES BETWEEN HERE AND OUR CAR-- AND WE'LL JUST STEP FROM ONE CIRCLE TO ANOTHER -- TO FREEDOM!



STAY CLOSE BEHIND ME, HONEY.. AND STEP INTO EACH CIRCLE AS I MAKE IT! THE PENTACLE WILL PROTECT US AT THE CAR!

YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE! TIGHTENING THE BAND AROUND THE HEAD OF YOUR WAXEN IMAGE WILL BREAK YOUR RESISTANCE!



HA-HA! TIGHTER.. TIGHTER!

GARY!

OH-- MY HEAD!



... AND TIGHTER -- EVEN TIGHTER!

I CAN'T SEE HIM SUFFER LIKE THAT! THE WITCH HAS HER HEAD DOWN... IF I CAN ONLY GRAB THE WAXEN IMAGE OUT OF HER HANDS...

THE-- THE PAIN-- I CAN'T STAND IT! STOP IT-- STOP IT!



GOT IT!

WHA-- SHE'S OUT OF THE SACRED CIRCLE! SEIZE HER, FIENDS!

THE... THE PAIN DIS-APPEARED--

CATCH, DARLING-- AND GOODBYE!

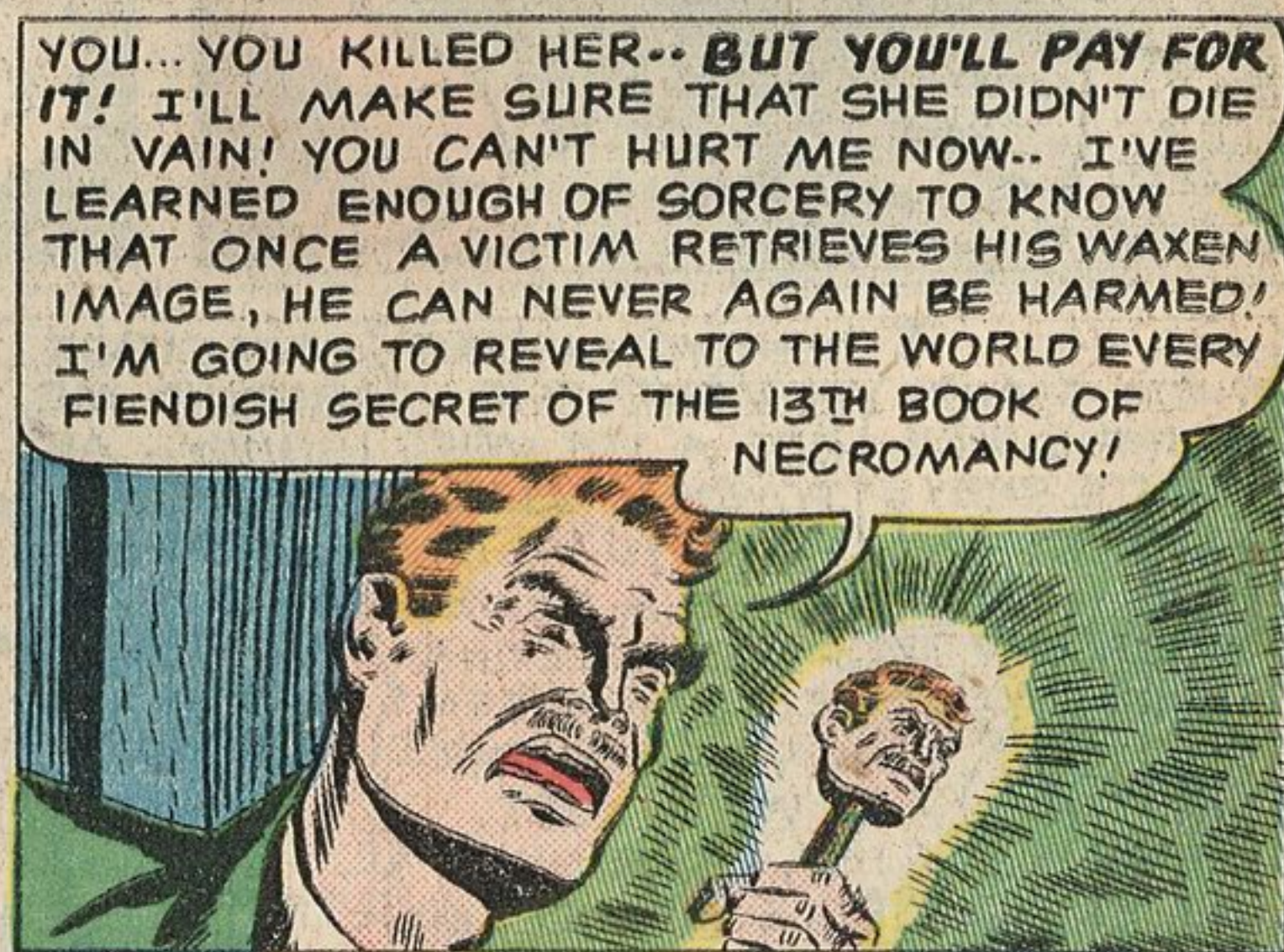
SLAY HER!



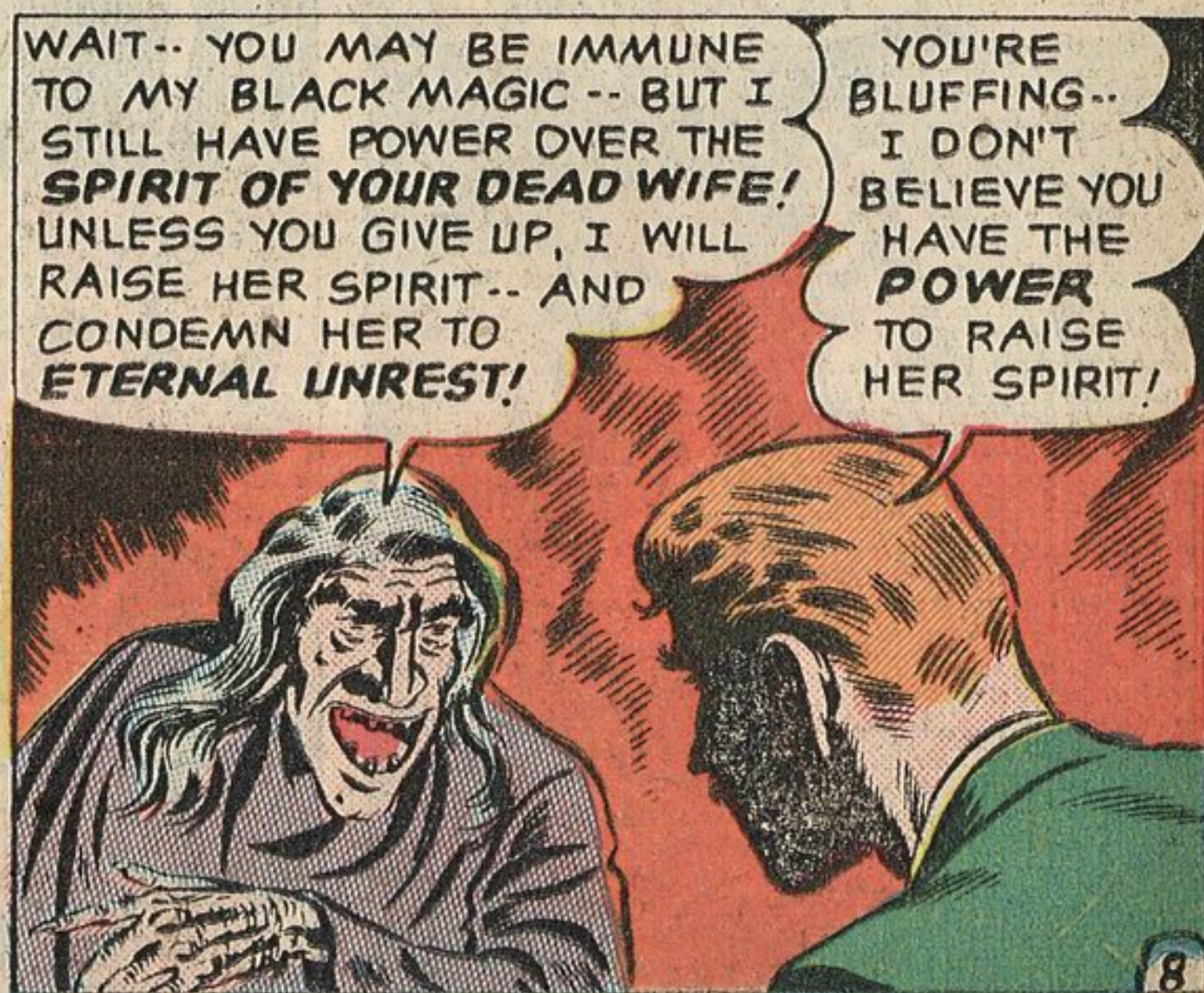
KILL HER!

OHHHH!

NO--NO! THEY'VE GOT HER-- AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO SAVE HER!



YOU... YOU KILLED HER-- BUT YOU'LL PAY FOR IT! I'LL MAKE SURE THAT SHE DIDN'T DIE IN VAIN! YOU CAN'T HURT ME NOW-- I'VE LEARNED ENOUGH OF SORCERY TO KNOW THAT ONCE A VICTIM RETRIEVES HIS WAXEN IMAGE, HE CAN NEVER AGAIN BE HARMED! I'M GOING TO REVEAL TO THE WORLD EVERY FIENDISH SECRET OF THE 13TH BOOK OF NECROMANCY!



WAIT-- YOU MAY BE IMMUNE TO MY BLACK MAGIC -- BUT I STILL HAVE POWER OVER THE SPIRIT OF YOUR DEAD WIFE! UNLESS YOU GIVE UP, I WILL RAISE HER SPIRIT-- AND CONDEMN HER TO ETERNAL UNREST!

YOU'RE BLUFFING-- I DON'T BELIEVE YOU HAVE THE POWER TO RAISE HER SPIRIT!



HA-- THEN WATCH!
ME!-- NEFERU
KRADUR TAL
MROPUL
SATANIENSIS!

AS THE WEIRD INCANTATION
FADES AWAY--

THERE! NOW HER SPIRIT
IS DOOMED TO CEASE-
LESS WANDERING! BUT
I WILL RETURN HER TO
ETERNAL REST.. ONLY
IF YOU DO AS I SAY!

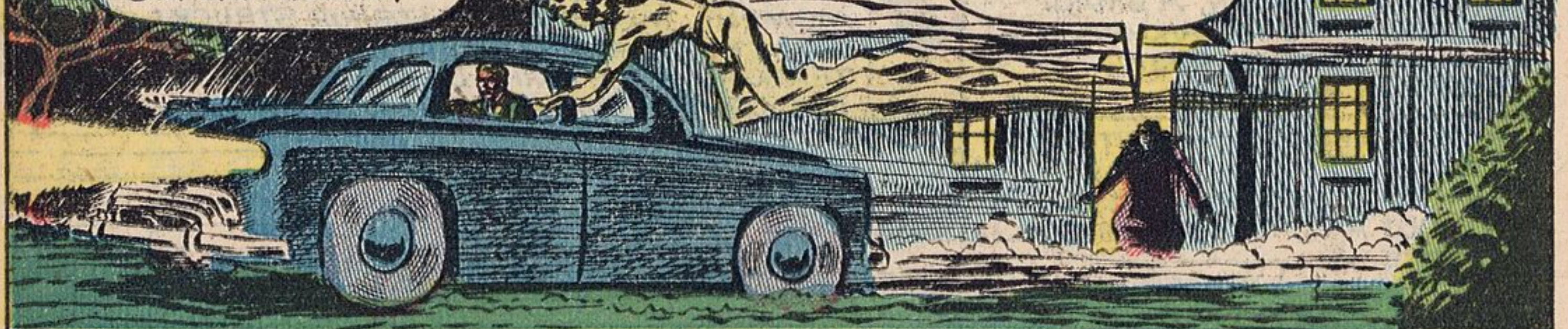


NO, GARY! DON'T TRUST HER,
OR I'LL NEVER KNOW PEACE!
EVEN AS A SPIRIT, LET ME
BE AT YOUR SIDE.. FOREVER!



YOU SACRIFICED
YOUR ALL FOR ME,
DARLING-- AND
I'LL MAKE SURE
WE NEVER PART!
DON'T FEAR
HER.. COME!

I'LL BE WITH YOU, MY DEAR-- ALWAYS--
BRINGING YOU WORD OF THE WORLD
BEYOND LIFE -- HELPING YOU IN
YOUR BATTLE AGAINST THE
EVIL SPIRITS OF THE
SUPERNATURAL!



WE'VE.. **FAILED!** NOW HE'S GOT A
SPIRIT TO GUIDE HIM AND KEEP HIM
FROM HARM -- AND WE'LL NEVER
BE ABLE TO TRICK HIM AGAIN!
HE'LL DESTROY US YET..
I FEEL IT..

LATER..

AT LAST I CAN
STUDY THE 13TH BOOK
OF NECROMANCY-- AND
TELL THE WORLD THE
TERRIBLE TRUTHS OF
THE SUPERNATURAL,
PUTTING PEOPLE
EVERYWHERE ON
THEIR GUARD AGAINST
SUCH FIENDS
AS THE WITCH
OF ENDOR!

BUT FIRST-- LET'S
TELL THE WORLD
OUR STORY-- AND
LET ME BE YOUR
GHOST WRITER!



THIS IS THE MOST INTRIGUING YARN I'VE
EVER READ, GARY! I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S
TRUE OR NOT, BUT I'M
GOING TO PRINT IT--
AND LET THE
READERS JUDGE
FOR THEMSELVES!

GOOD! AND
THERE'LL BE EVEN
MORE FASCINATING
STORIES COMING
FROM MY GHOST
WRITER AND ME
IN THE FUTURE!



DON'T MISS THOSE STORIES, READER-- YOU'LL
FIND THEM ONLY IN AMERICAN COMICS
GROUP MAGAZINES!
WATCH FOR THEM!

THE
END



The VAMPIRE MASTER

LATE ONE AFTERNOON, A SMALL STEAMER RIDES ITS ANCHOR IN A TINY RIVER PORT IN SOUTH EASTERN MALAYSIA...

IT WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A JOURNEY UP THE RIVER, OR SO IT SEEMED... BUT IN ONE AGONIZING MOMENT, THE REVOLTING HORROR STRUCK! A MONSTROUS ASSAULT THAT COMBINED THE UNHOLY TERROR OF THE LIVING DEAD AND THE THIRSTING EVIL OF... THE VAMPIRE MASTER!

TAKE A LOOK DOWN AT THE DOCK, ELLEN! THAT MAN TALKING WITH YOUR FATHER.. I'VE GOT A HUNCH WE'LL BE BOOKING A PASSENGER!

YOU COULDN'T BE MORE RIGHT, STEVE! HIS NAME IS **VAN HORN**-- AND HE'S OFFERED DAD A VERY ATTRACTIVE PROPOSITION!

WE'RE COMING ABOARD, MR. CRANE! MAKE READY TO SAIL WITHIN THE HOUR!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AS THE SHIP CHUGS ITS WAY UPSTREAM...

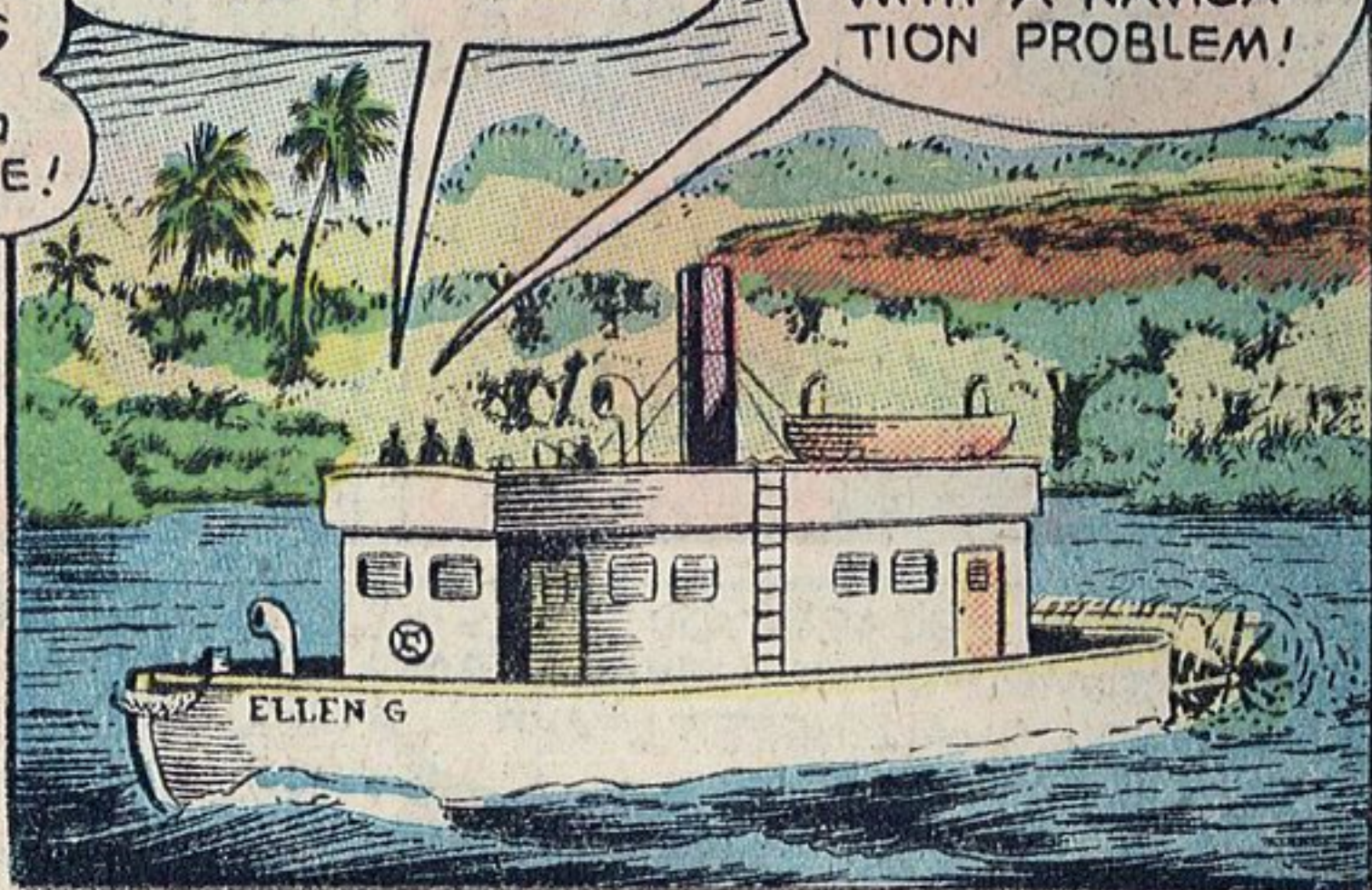


OUR PASSENGER DOESN'T SEEM TO BE THE CHATTY TYPE, CAPTAIN! LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS CABIN THE MINUTE HE CAME ABOARD!

SO WHAT? HIS MONEY TALKS FOR HIM, AND OUR FRIEND VAN HORN HAS **PLENTY!** HE'S PROMISED ME A GOOD CARGO WHEN WE GET TO HIS PLANTATION-- AND HE PAID IN ADVANCE!

NOW GET THIS, STEVE! WE'LL BE PASSING BELANG ANY MINUTE! WE'RE TO TAKE THE LEFT FORK AND PROCEED UP THE TRIBUTARY ABOUT 15 MILES-- THAT SHOULD BRING US TO VAN HORN'S PLACE!

THAT COULD BE **RUGGED!** THAT TRIBUTARY IS SELDOM TRAVELED, AND WE MAY FIND OURSELVES WITH A NAVIGATION PROBLEM!

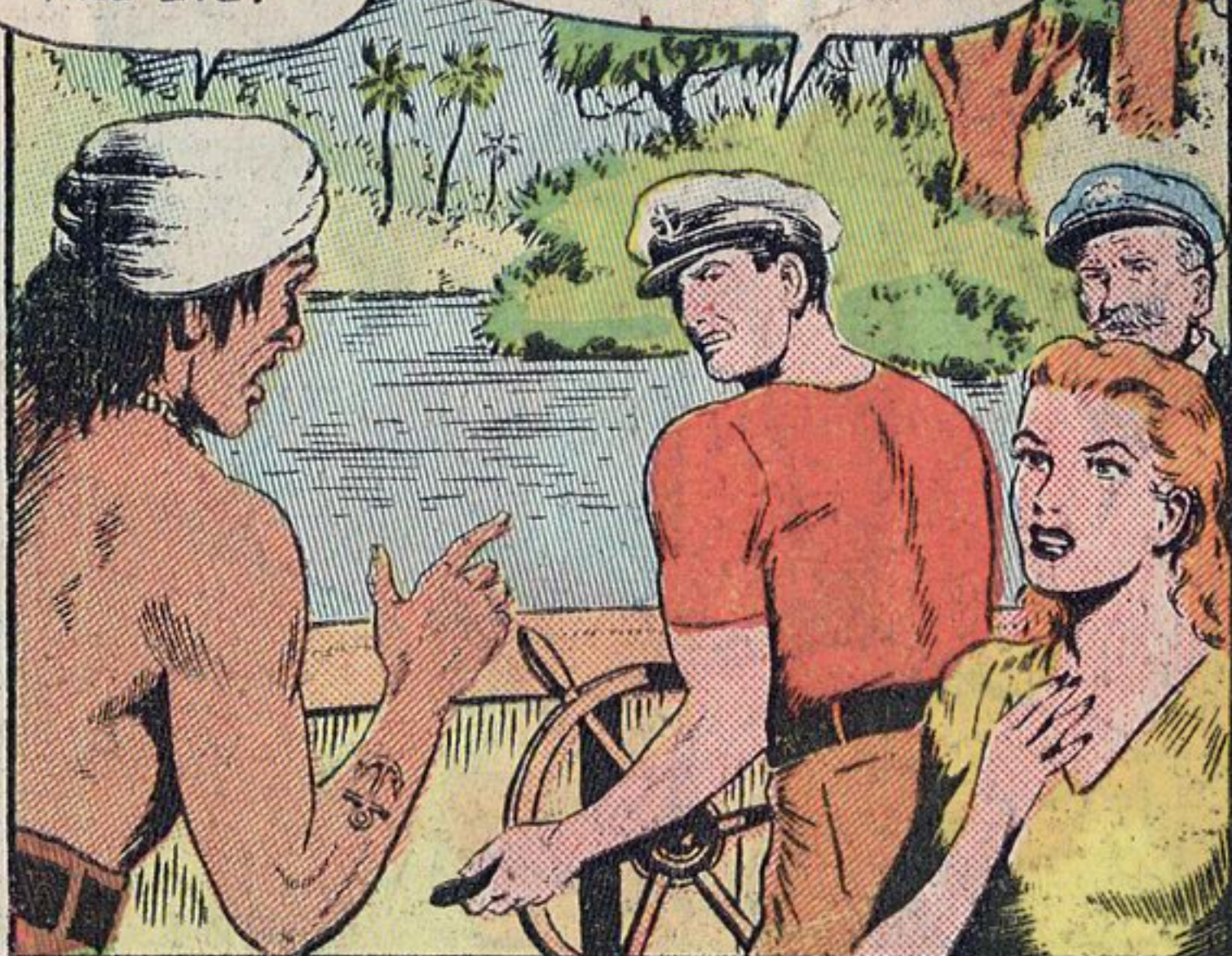


MASTER STEVE SPEAK TRUTH, CAPTAIN! FORK IN RIVER VERY BAD PLACE! FILLED WITH EVIL.. MUCH DANGER!

LISTEN, RASU.. IF YOU'RE GOING TO COME UP WITH ANY MORE OF THAT SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE OF YOURS...

DO NOT GO! DO AS RASU SAY-- OR WE ALL **DIE!**

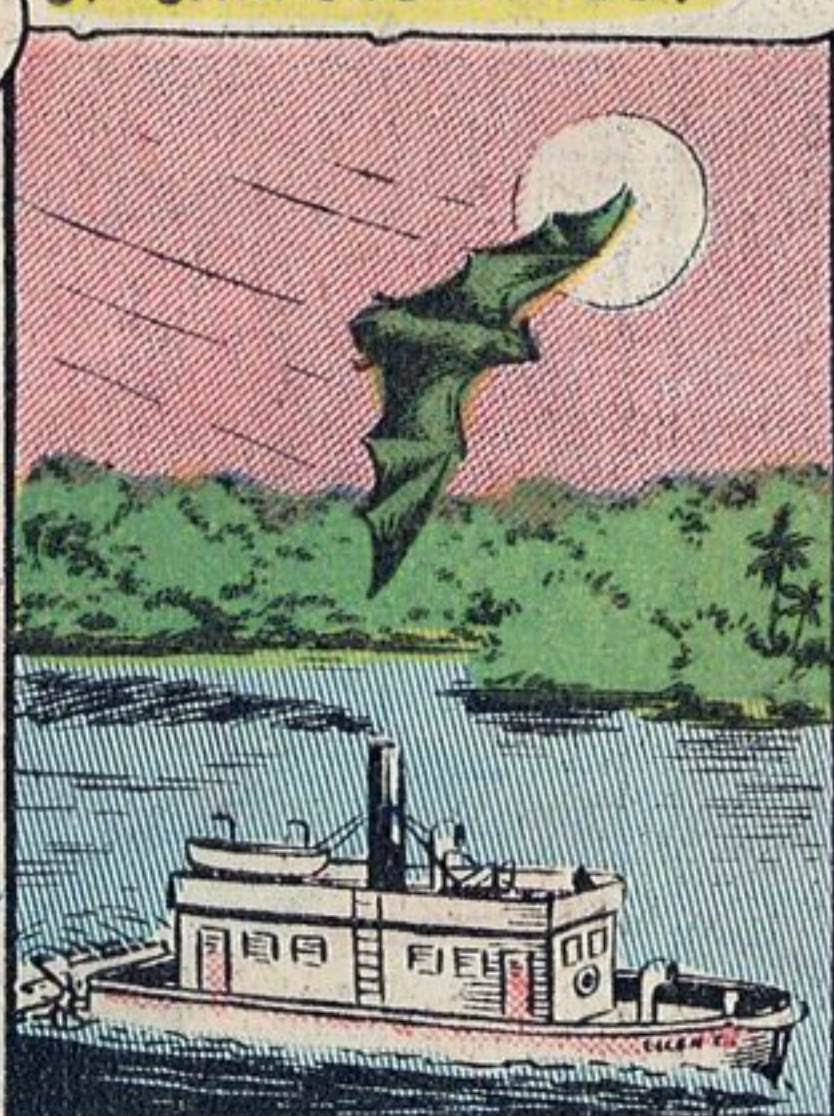
THAT'LL BE ENOUGH, RASU! NOW TAKE OVER THE WHEEL AND REMEMBER, NO NONSENSE!



I DON'T KNOW, STEVE! GIVING HIM THE WHEEL IN HIS STATE OF MIND COULD BE **RISKY!**

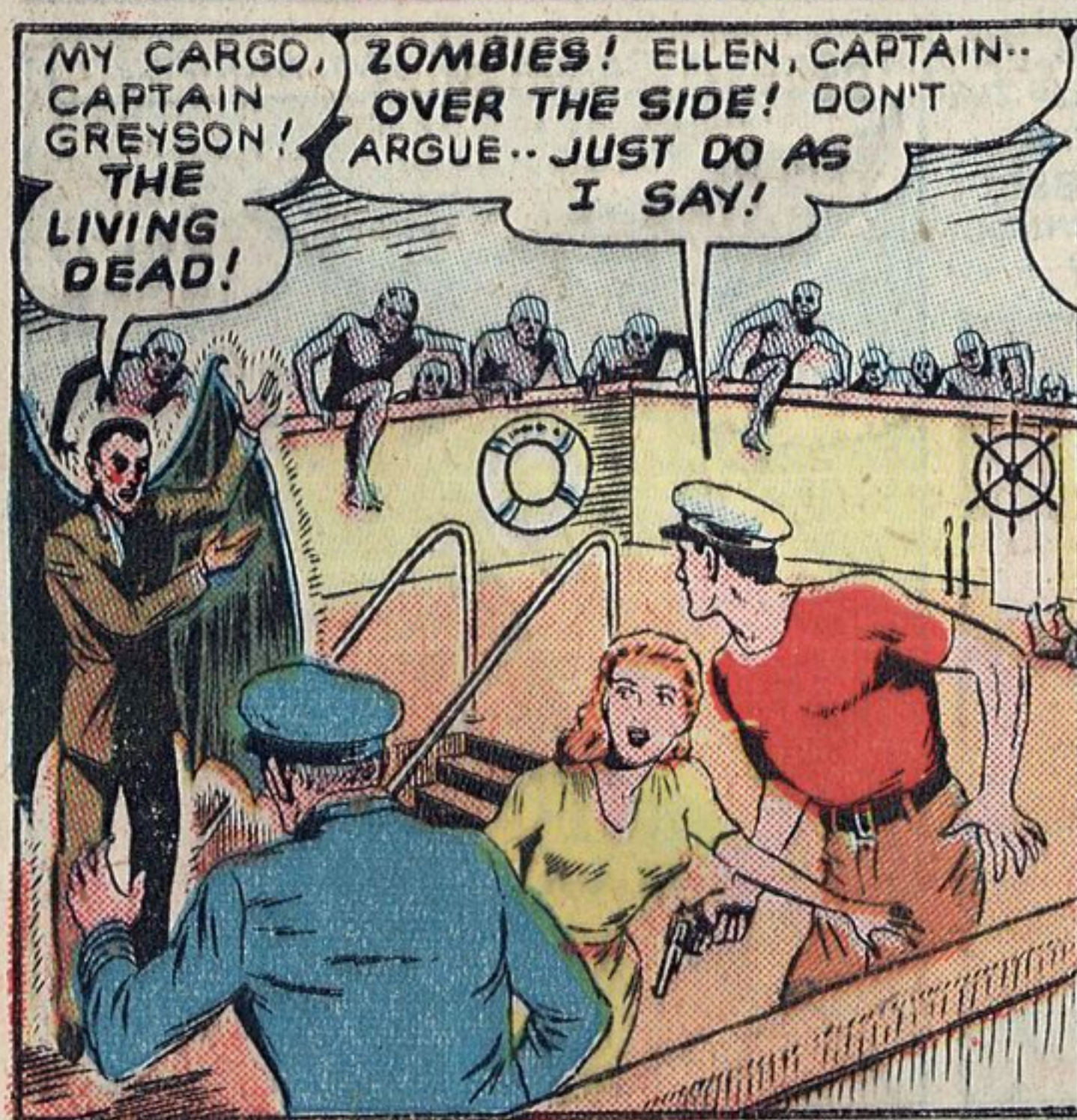
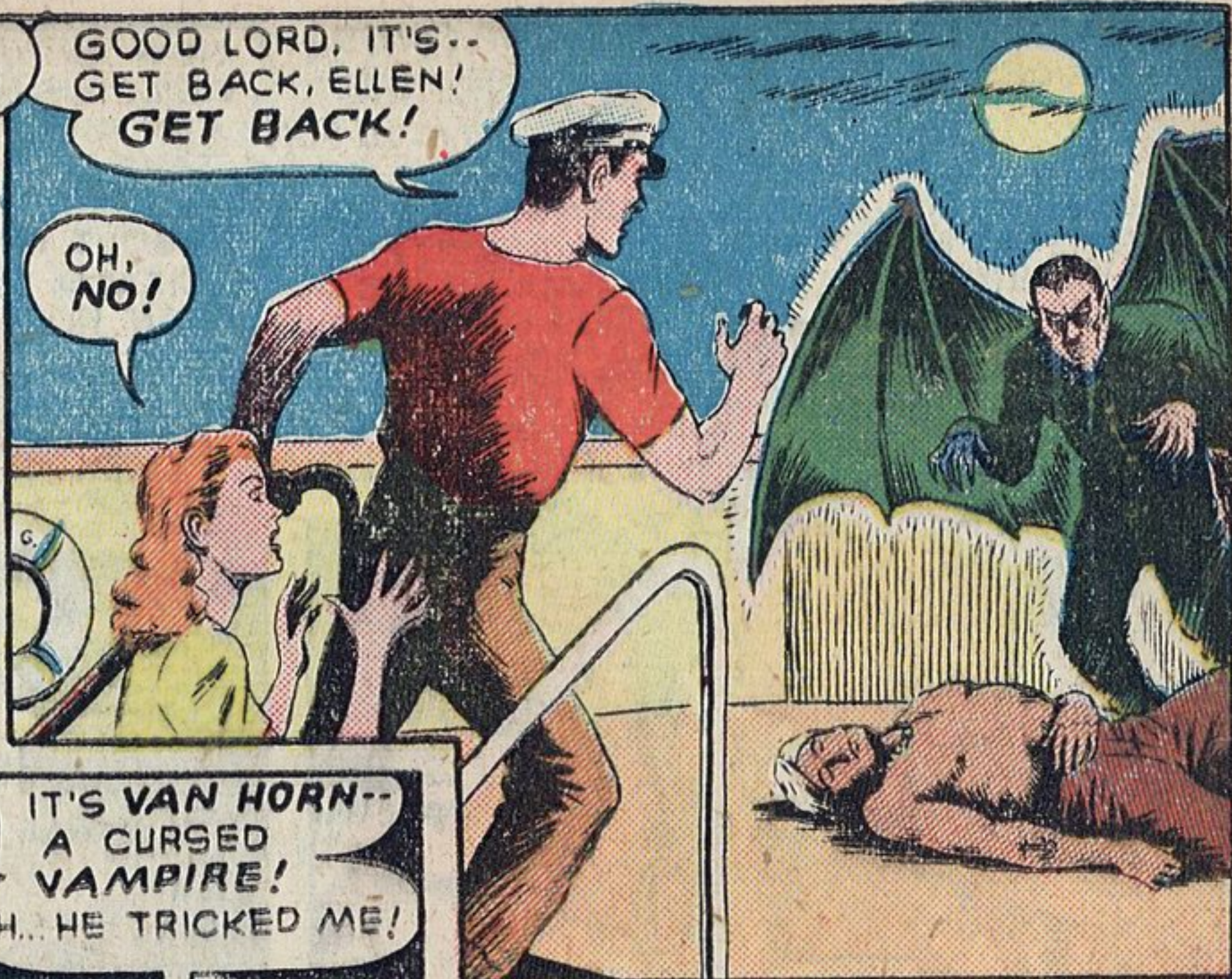
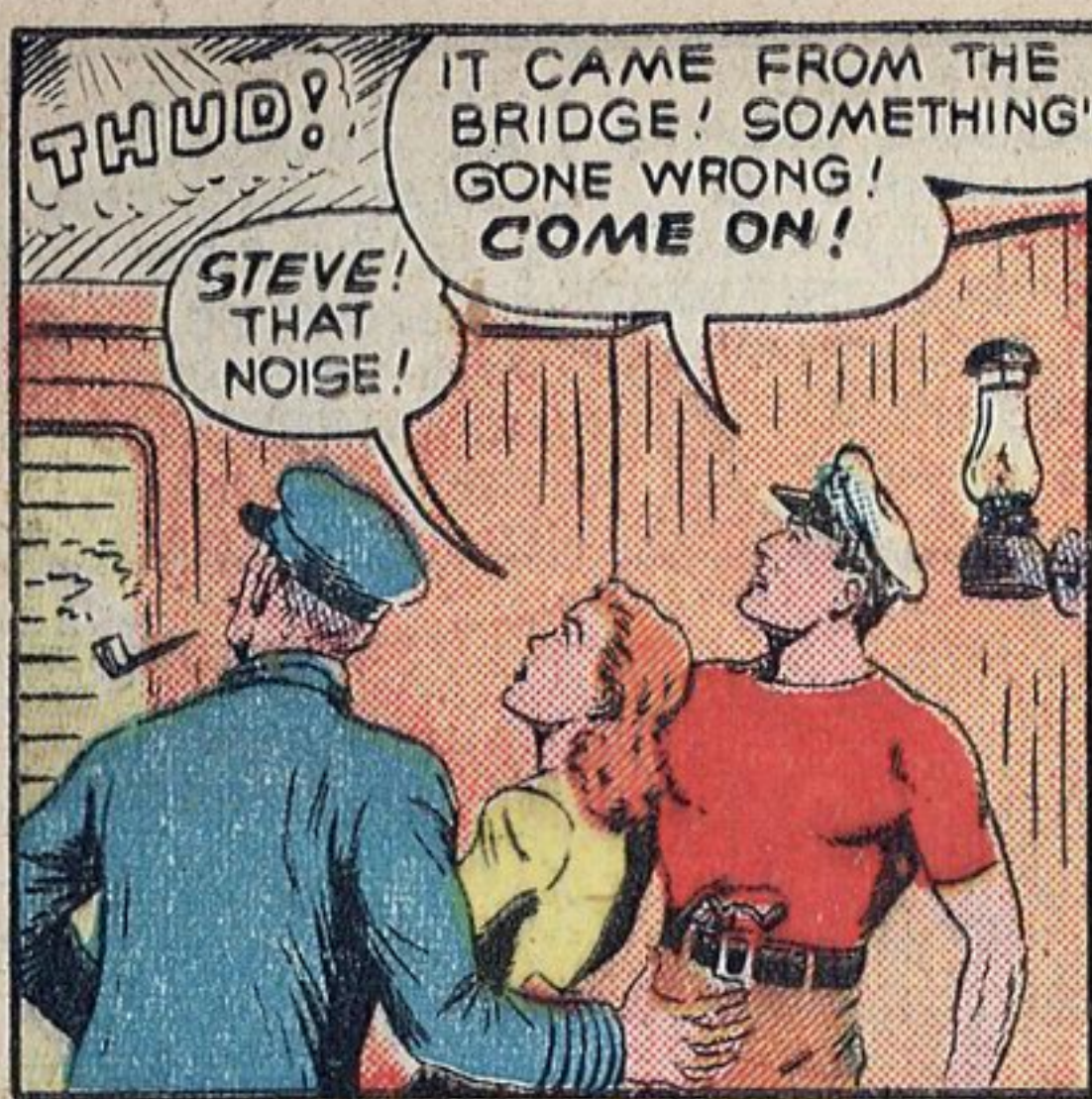
IF ANYTHING, IT SHOULD STEADY HIS NERVES! RIGHT NOW WE'D BETTER GET BELOW AND TAKE A FEW SOUNDINGS.. WE'LL BE BREACHING THAT FORK ANY MINUTE!

NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, AS THE STEAMER TURNS UP THE NARROW TRIBUTARY, THE SILENT AIR IS DISTURBED BY THE SWIFT FLAPPING OF OMINOUS WINGS!



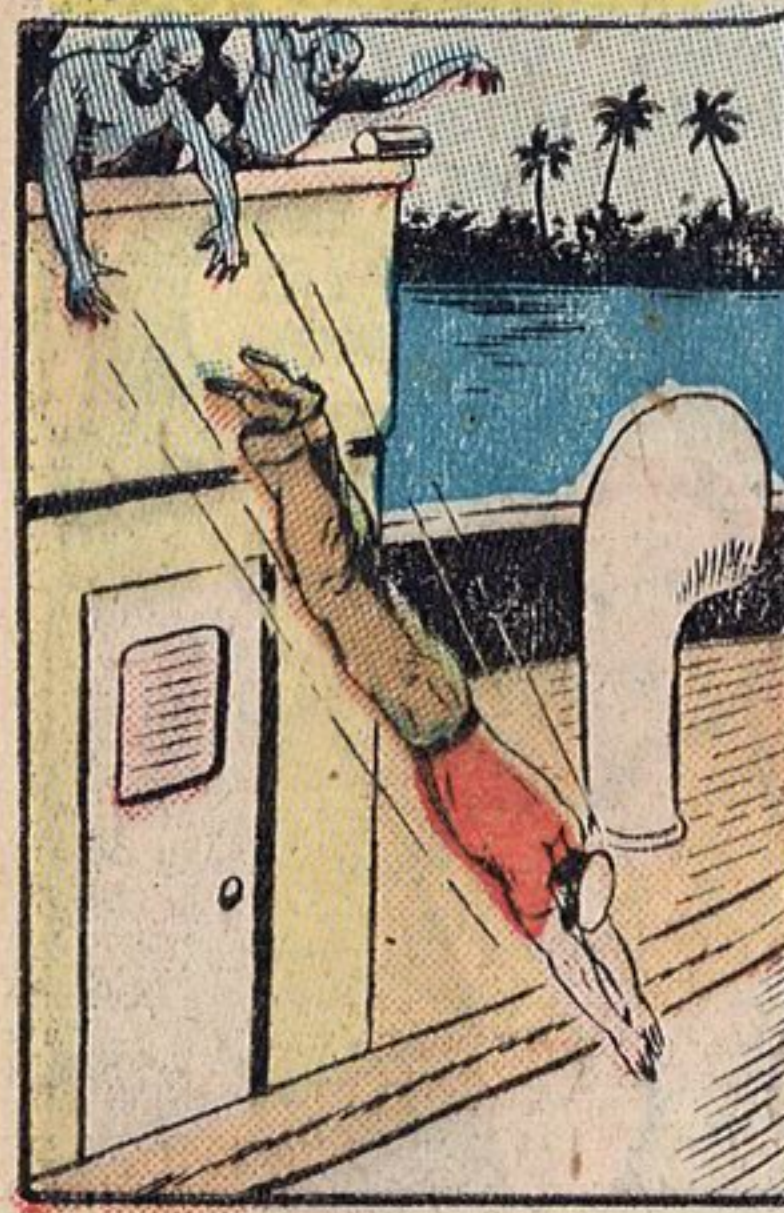
THEN... A SURGE OF EVIL MENACE!

AIIIIII!



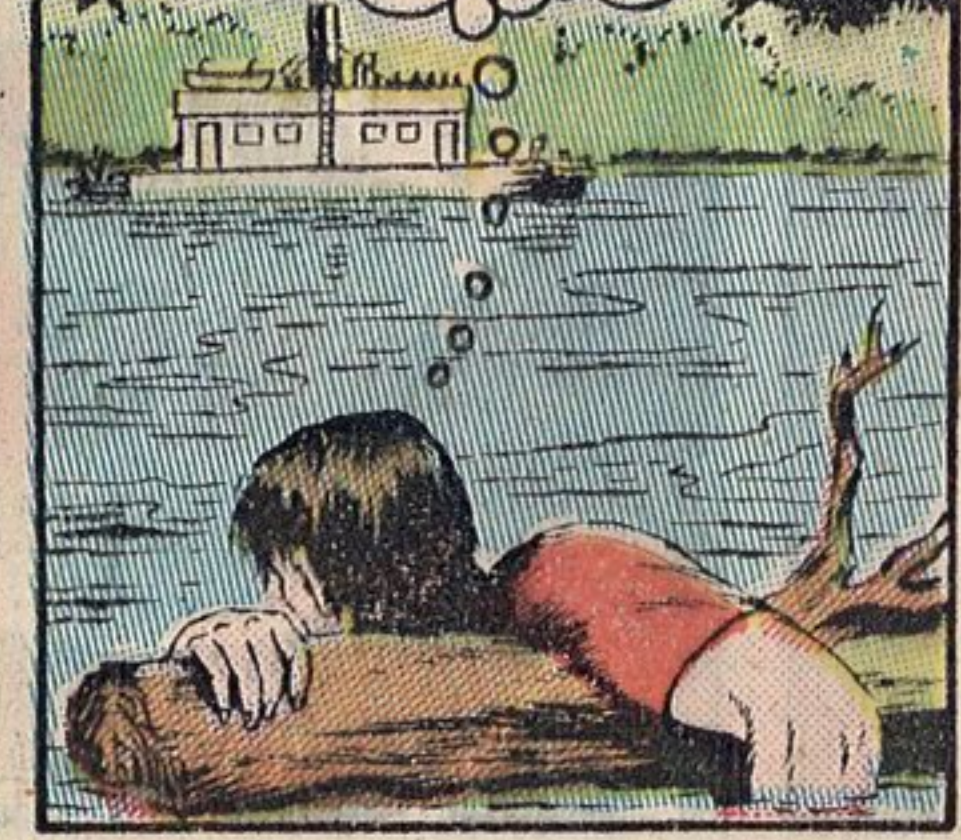


AS THE GRUESOME HORDE SWARMS IN FOR THE KILL, STEVE MAKES A SPLIT-SECOND LEAP!

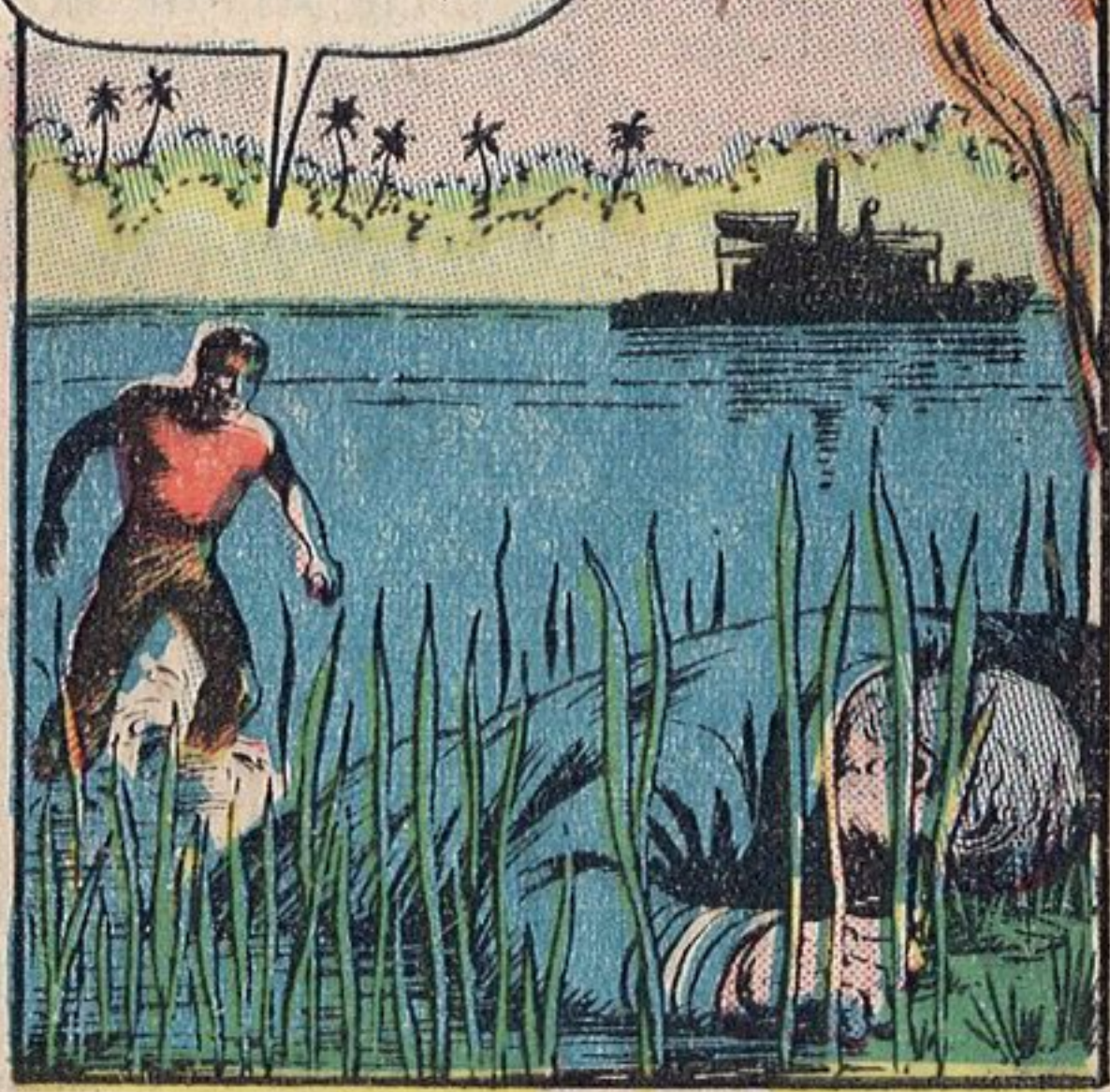


MINUTES LATER--

THAT WAS THE LONGEST (GASP) UNDERWATER SWIM I EVER MADE! HOPE I TRICKED THEM INTO THINKING I DIDN'T MAKE IT! NOW TO GET TO SHORE AND FIND ELLEN AND HER FATHER!



THAT'S CAPTAIN GREYSON-- BUT WHERE'S ELLEN? SHE'S GONE!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR? WHAT HAPPENED?

DON'T.. WORRY ABOUT ME, STEVE.. IT'S **ELLEN!** SHE.. MADE SHORE AHEAD OF ME... THEN TWO OF THOSE ZOMBIES GRABBED HER... DRAGGED HER INTO THE JUNGLE! I TRIED TO GET TO HER... COULDN'T SWIM FAST ENOUGH!



AND HERE COME THOSE CREEPS NOW.. HEADED THIS WAY! WE CAN'T STAY HERE, SIR.. DO YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE COVER IN THE REEDS?

I'M OKAY NOW, STEVE! LET'S GO!

WHEN THE GRISLY HORDE REACHES THE BANK...



THEY'RE GOING BACK INTO THE JUNGLE, AND I'M POSITIVE THEIR TRAIL WILL LEAD US TO ELLEN! I'M GOING AFTER THEM, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING YOU'LL HAVE TO DO! ANYTHING YOU SAY!

AS SOON AS THEY'RE GONE, TAKE ONE OF THEIR RAFTS AND HEAD BACK TO THE SHIP! GET UP STEAM-- OUR LIVES MAY DEPEND ON HOW FAST WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE!

I'LL DO MY PART! GOOD LUCK, STEVE!



THE TRAIL LEADS TO A JUNGLE CLEARING, WHERE...

YOUR STRUGGLES WILL DO YOU NO GOOD! YOU ARE IN MY DOMAIN AND BEYOND HELP! THE OTHER TWO ARE DEAD-- THEIR BODIES LIE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER!

IT ISN'T TRUE! IT ISN'T!



IT IS TRUE, BUT SOON YOUR DESPAIR WILL PASS! I AM PREPARED TO BESTOW A RARE PRIVILEGE ON YOU! AS YOU'VE OBSERVED, MY DISCIPLES ARE MERELY ZOMBIES-- DULL, WITTED, SPIRITLESS SLAVES! BUT YOU SHALL BE DIFFERENT! YOU SHALL BECOME A VAMPIRE-- LIKE ME!

TOGETHER WE SHALL RULE!

N-NO! I'LL DIE FIRST!



I THINK NOT-- IN TIME YOU WILL NOT FIND IT SO OBJECTIONABLE! OUR ZOMBIE SLAVES WILL PROVIDE US WITH VICTIMS AS THEY HAVE PROVIDED ME IN THE PAST! THAT IS WHY I PLANNED SO CAREFULLY IN STEALING YOUR FATHER'S SHIP!

WHY, YOU FIEND? WHY?



BECAUSE THERE ARE NO LONGER VICTIMS TO BE HAD IN THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE! BUT YOUR FATHER'S SHIP WILL TRANSPORT US TO A NEW AREA AND FRESH VICTIMS! HIS BOAT WILL DRAW NO SUSPICION WHEN WE STEAM INTO A NEW PORT! THE REST WILL BE SIMPLE!

I WON'T BE PART OF IT! I WON'T!



NEARBY, IN HIDING...

THEY'RE TAKING HER BACK TO THE RIVER! I CAN'T RISK SHOWING MY HAND NOW-- MY BEST BET IS TO TRAIL THEM BACK AND LOOK FOR MY CHANCE!



SOON THE VAMPIRE MASTER AND HIS PACK REACH THE RIVER BANK...

AS THE VAMPIRE'S RAFT DARTS FORWARD, KEEN EYES PEER OUT FROM BEHIND A CLUMP OF REEDS!

IN A LITTLE WHILE WE SHALL HAVE A **VAMPIRE QUEEN!** YOU WILL REMAIN HERE TILL I GIVE THE SIGNAL -- THEN YOU WILL JOIN US ABOARD THE BOAT!

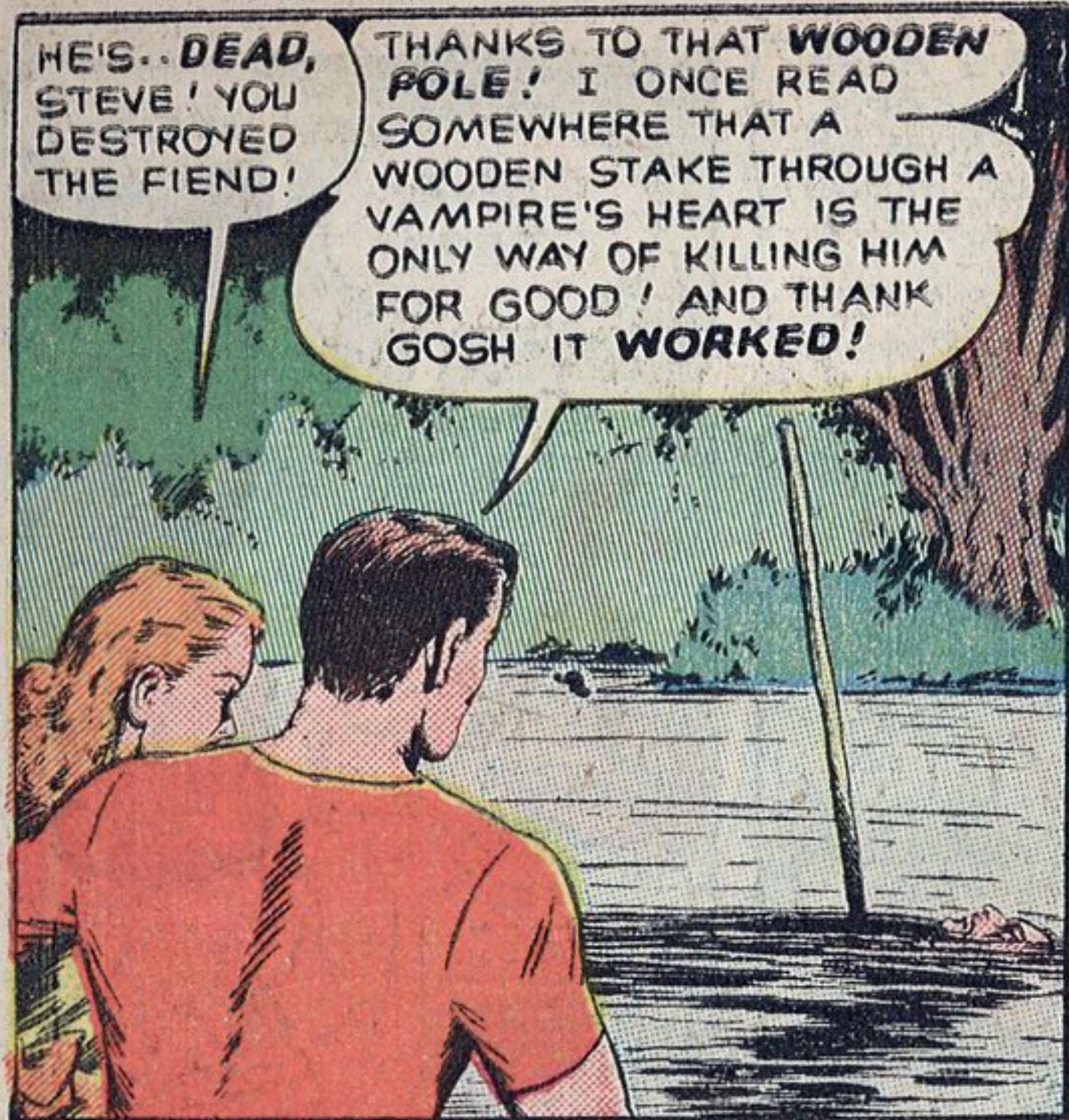
WE OBEY, MASTER!

HERE THEY COME.. AND THERE'S ONLY ONE CREEP AND VAN HORN ABOARD! MAYBE I'VE GOT A CHANCE.. ANYWAY, HERE GOES FOR A **GOOD TRY!**

STEVE!
STEVE!

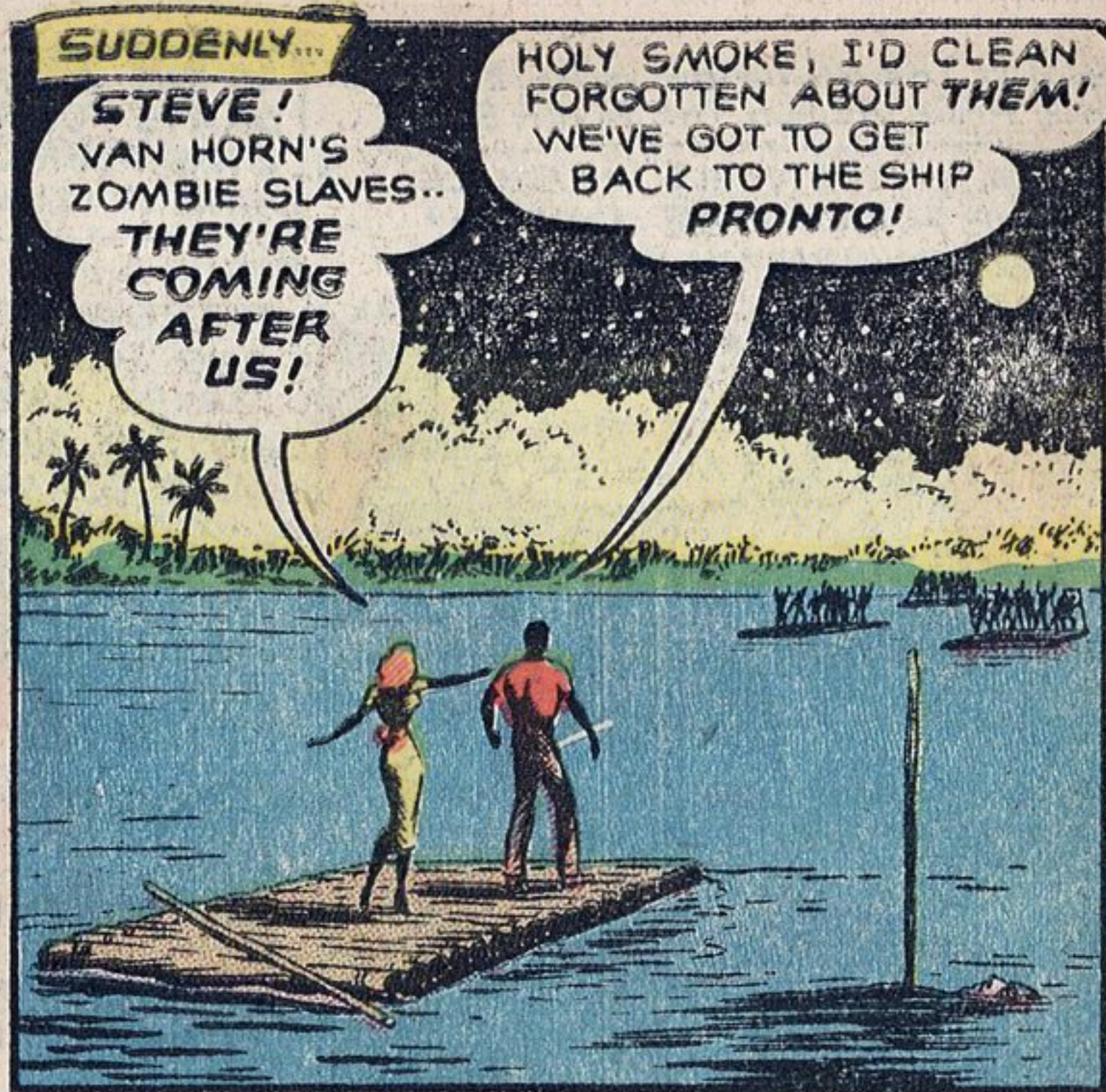
WHA--?





HE'S... **DEAD**, STEVE! YOU DESTROYED THE FIEND!

THANKS TO THAT **WOODEN POLE**! I ONCE READ SOMEWHERE THAT A WOODEN STAKE THROUGH A VAMPIRE'S HEART IS THE ONLY WAY OF KILLING HIM FOR GOOD! AND THANK GOSH IT **WORKED**!



SUDDENLY...

STEVE!
VAN HORN'S ZOMBIE SLAVES..
THEY'RE COMING AFTER US!

HOLY SMOKE, I'D CLEAN FORGOTTEN ABOUT **THEM**! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE SHIP **PRONTO!**



MINUTES LATER...

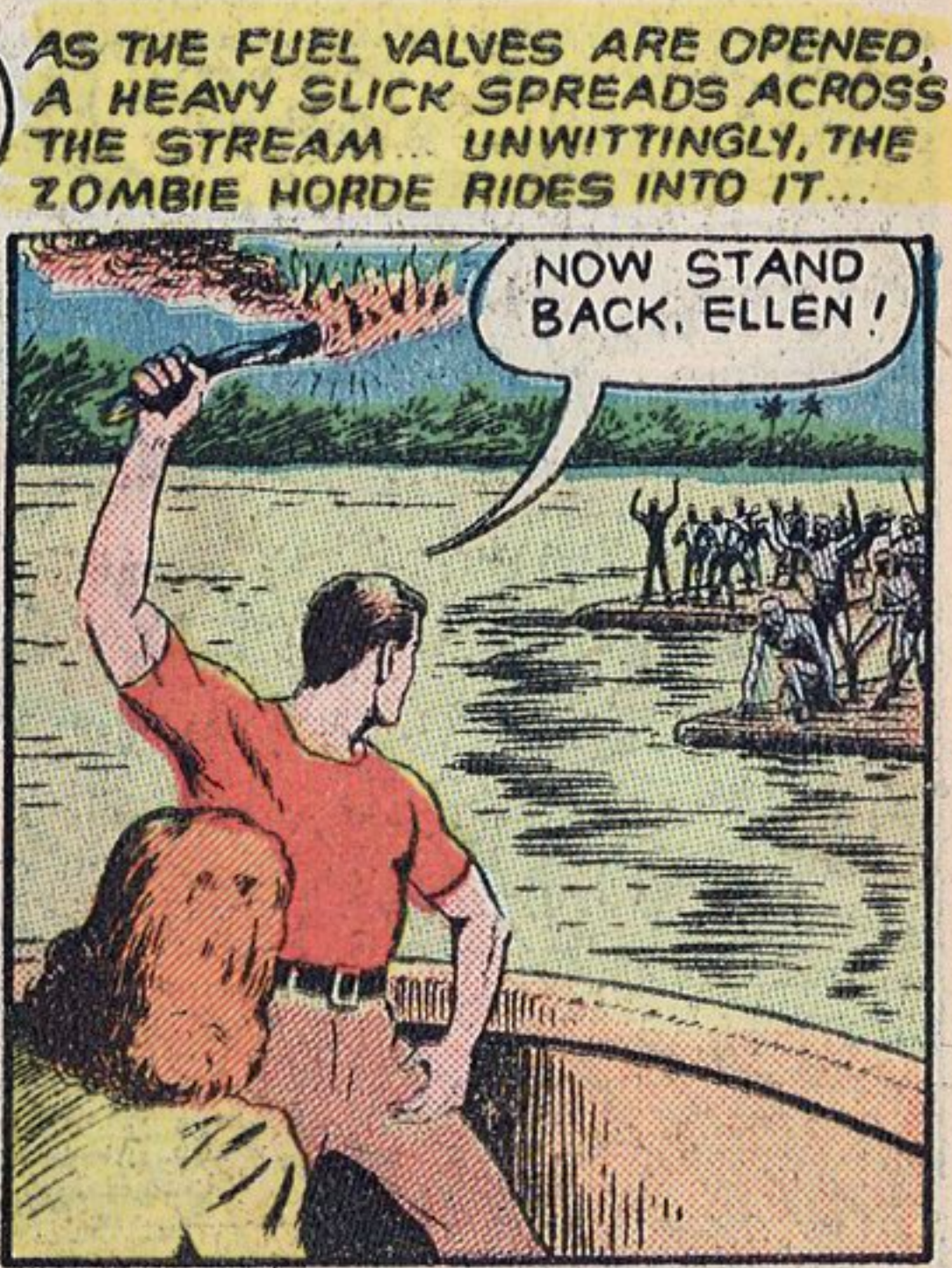
I'VE GOT UP A FULL HEAD OF STEAM, STEVE! WE'RE READY TO SHOVE OFF!

NICE GOING! AND I'VE GOT A SUREFIRE IDEA OF HOW TO GET RID OF THOSE CREEPS **PERMANENTLY!**

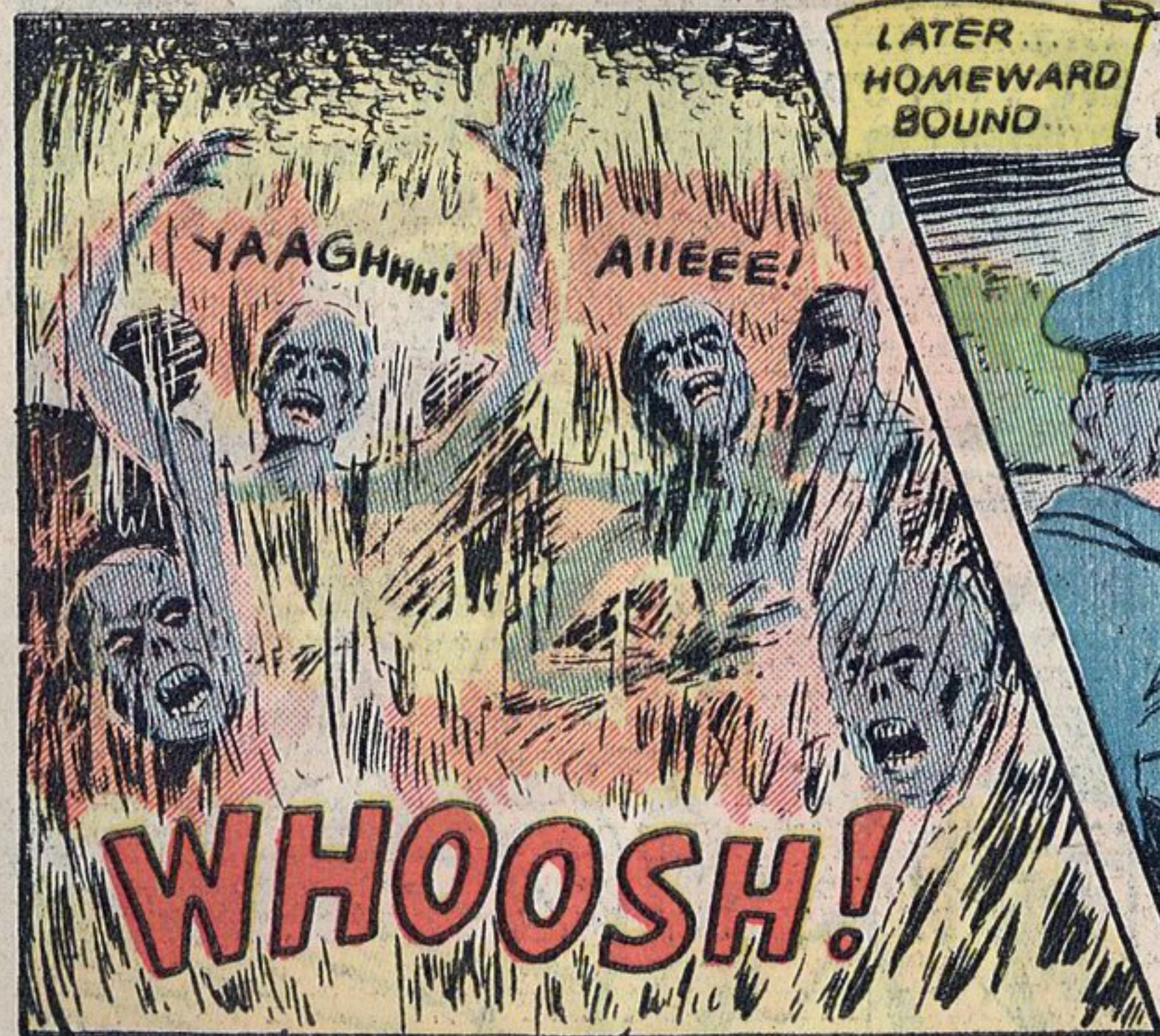


DON'T ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS.. JUST OPEN THE PETCOCKS ON THE GASOLINE STORAGE TANKS! **HURRY-- THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME!**

ON THE DOUBLE!



NOW STAND BACK, ELLEN!



YAAGHHH!

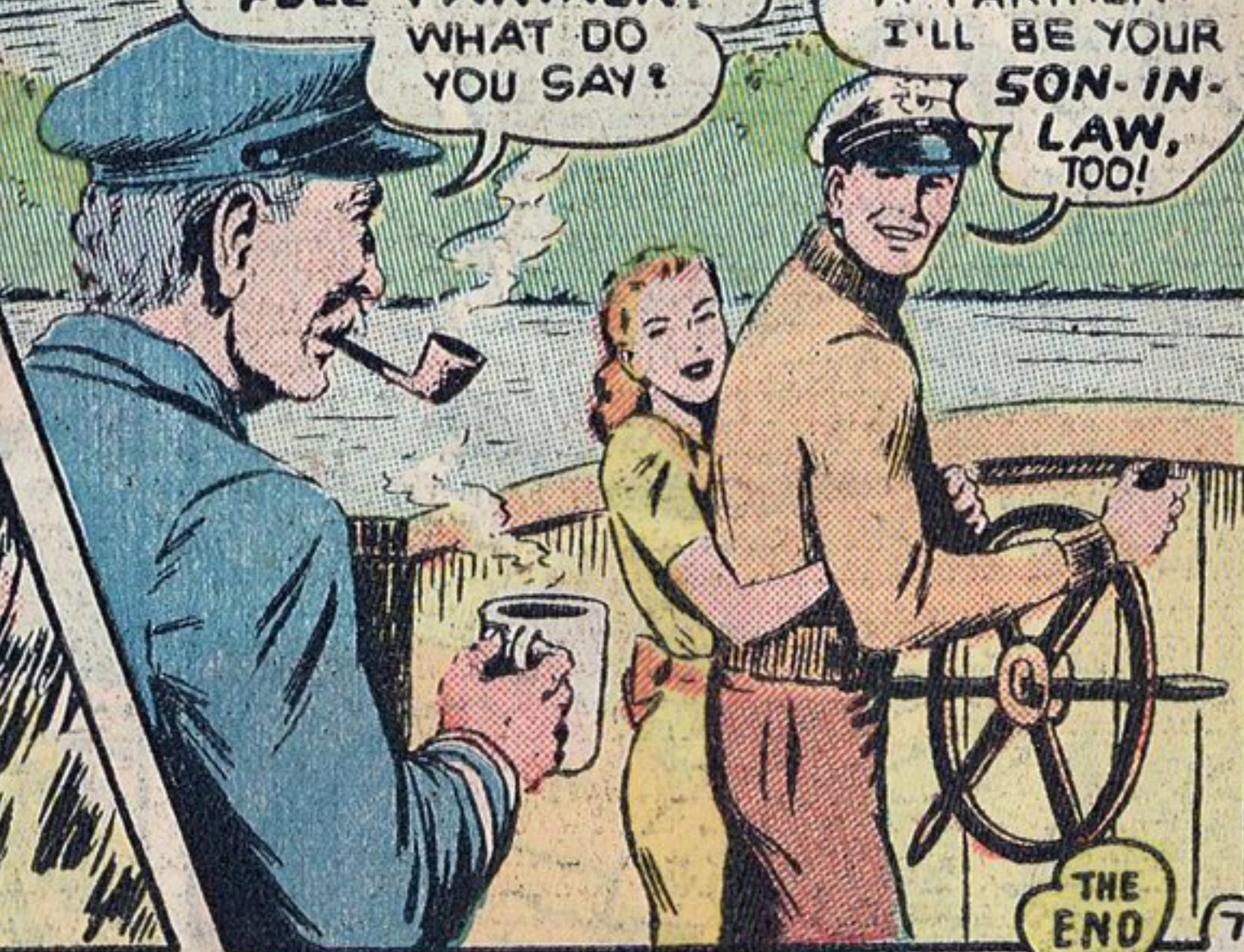
AIIEEE!

WHOOSH!

**LATER...
HOMEWARD BOUND**

YOU'VE CERTAINLY PROVEN YOURSELF, STEVE! FROM NOW ON YOU'RE NO LONGER MY CHIEF MATE, BUT A **FULL PARTNER!** WHAT DO YOU SAY?

THAT'S GREAT, SIR-- ONLY I'LL BE **MORE** THAN JUST A PARTNER! I'LL BE YOUR **SON-IN-LAW, TOO!**



THE END

You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-**SISSY** below
ARMED **WAS ME**
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10c**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was
a skinny, sick weak-
ling. As you can see
in my "Before" Photo I
looked like a child...
years younger than my
age. I was ashamed to
take a picture in bath-
ing trunks as I do now.
I was shy with girls
because I had nothing
to show off. A few
weeks after starting
the Jowett Course my
body was the best in
the neighborhood. Now
I get respect and ad-
miration from every
fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**
can be
soon!



Roger
Hirsch
before

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.



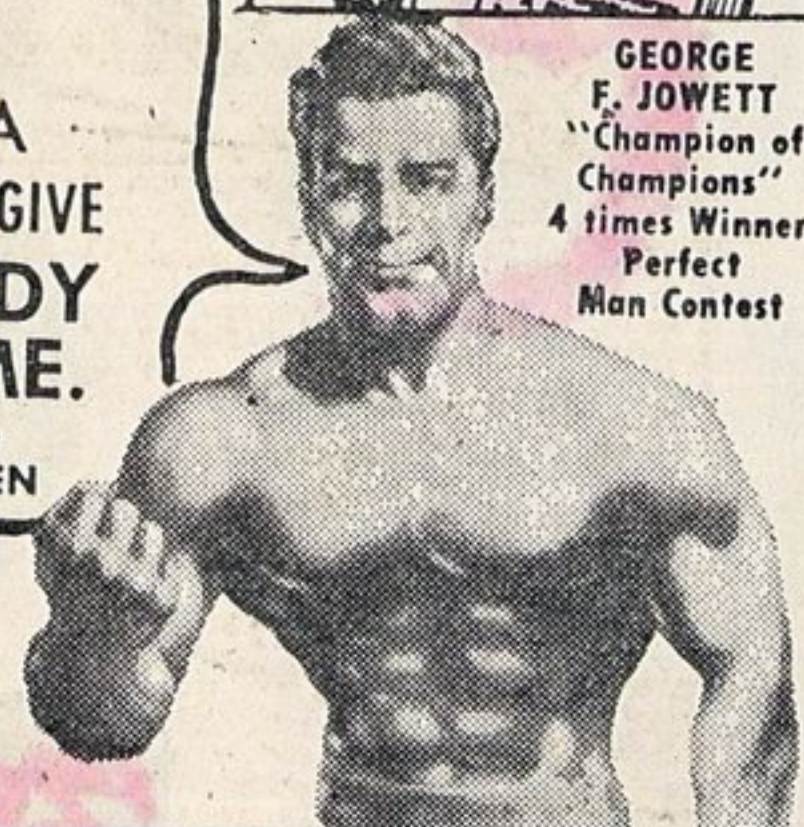
FREE

Come on, PAL, NOW
YOU GIVE ME

10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**
For Your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST**
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER**
by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck
to a **Champion of Champions.**



GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest

YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to
YOUR ARMS. Your **CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK AND**
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY,**
SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-American**
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't
cost you one solitary cent.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**
Gain Pounds, **INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way
known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST** by **TEST,** my
"**5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER**" the only method that builds you 5-ways
fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like
champ Roger Hirsch did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you did. **\$0** Mail
coupon **NOW!**

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

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2. **MUSCLE METER**

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World for
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All-Around
HE-MEN"
—R. F. Kelley
Director
Physical

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230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

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Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

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NEW! SENSATIONAL!
8 METAL CAR
"ACTION FLEET"
A Terrific Toy Set

- Windows Go Up and Down
- Windshield wipers move...
- Gun moves and Bangs,
- Bell clangs...
- Taximeter registers...

Fascinate the youngsters with hours of fun and action. Imagine—every car WORKS in the line of duty! 1 car with working windshield wiper, 2 cars with windows that open and close, 1 police car with gun that bangs and recoils, 1 ambulance with ringing and swaying bell, 2 taxis with meters that register fare, 1 fire chief car with bell that rings and sways. All 8 cars made of durable steel... rubber wheels cannot come out... bottoms completely enclosed... all new Two-tone and metallic finish... all differently colored. **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D., you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

Terrific Value Only
\$2.98
COMPLETE

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

Hi! I'm GINGER!
the Doll whose HAIR YOU CAN WAVE!

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT

NEW!

A wonderful new doll in washable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of... plastic curlers... rubber waving bands... waving end papers... plastic comb... and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.

TERRIFIC VALUE!
only \$3.98
complete

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

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SUPER DELUXE
ELECTRIC TV PROJECTOR
SHOWS REAL FILMS

- A BIG SHOW "Little Red Riding Hood"
- A REAL PROJECTOR! Bright Red Plastic!
- A COLORFUL THEATRE with Screen!
- COMPLETELY SAFE! Any Child Can Operate

Imagine Only
\$2.98
COMPLETE Projector, One film and Screen!

EXTRA FILM 3 FILMS ONLY

SHOW WHITE THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT
JINGLE BELLS
THREE LITTLE PIGS
JACK AND JILL
HIP VAN WINKLE
TOM THUMB
ROBINSON CRUSOE
HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT
WINKIN WILLIE

Now any child can show the most exciting movies at home with this streamlined TELEVUE Projector, complete with colorful theatre and screen. The bright red plastic projector is safe and simple to operate—nothing to get out of order. Think of the fun of watching your favorite come to life on the theatre screen! This Super Deluxe Projector will mean big movie parties for friends and family. You boys and girls will be fascinated with the Big Movie Shows, and running movies all by yourself is the greatest treat of them all!

HAPPY the COWBOY

HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
MOVES HIS MOUTH,
ARMS AND LEGS!
REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids—here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist—in a jiffy! Imagine—you can make HAPPY the COWBOY actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of HAPPY'S mouth! See how real he looks—rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants... Show off your skill at parties—at school! **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

Imagine! Only \$2.98 Complete

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| ☐ 8 Metal Cars \$2.98 | ☐ T. V. Projector \$2.98
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